"THE USUAL SUSPECTS"

By

Christopher McQuarrie

Blue Parrot, Inc.
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(310)338-0088(310)338-1003 Fax
Revised, 05/25/94 White
Revised, 06/01/94 Blue
Revised, 06/07/94 Pink
Revised, 06/11/94 Yellow

Dir./Prod., Bryan Singer

Blue Parrot, Inc.

THE USUAL SUSPECTS

DATE: 06/11/94
TO: ALL
FROM: KEN KOKIN
RE: 06/07/94 SCRIPT REVISION

NOTE: Harbor Shootout Location :
"Warehouse" changed to "Boathouse"

Sc. Changes

Sc-2	Crane changed to Barge
Sc-4	Hardware Store changed to Auto Body Shop
	Hispanic Kid added
	Customer #1 changed to Man
Sc-8	Action Changed
Sc-11	Hallway changed to Lockup Hallway
	Police Officer Deleted
Sc-18	Dialogue changed/Action changed
Sc-19	Action changed
Sc-21	Scene Re-added
Sc-25	Hungarian Lines added
Sc-26	Action changed
Sc-27	Dialogue changed
Sc-29	Dialogue changed
Sc-32	Dialogue changed
Sc-37	Action changed
Sc-42	Dialogue changed
Sc-43	Uncut Emeralds changed to Emeralds
Sc-44	Deleted
Sc-45	Waiting Room changed to Hallway
	Dialogue changed
Sc-46	Waiting Room changed to Library
Sc-53	Hungarian Dialogue added
Sc-55	Parking Garage changed to Friendship Bell
Sc-58	Action changed
Sc-60	Dialogue changed/Action changed
Sc-62	Verbal Deleted
Sc-64	Hotel room changed to Hollywood Athletic Club
	Action changed
Sc-77	"Later" Deleted
Sc-95	Action changed
Sc-96	Building changed to Boathouse
Sc-97	Action changed
Sc-98	Deleted
Sc-99	Deleted
Sc-100	INT changed to EXT
	Action changed
	Warehouse changed to Boathouse
Sc-108 (Cont'd)	Pier changed to Dock, Explosion Added

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Sc-110	Action changed
Sc-111	Action changed
Sc-113	Action changed
	Dialogue changed
Sc-114	Action changed
Sc-115	Action changed
Sc-116	Action changed
SC-118	Deleted
Sc-131	Action changed
Sc-133	Action changed
Sc-136	Action changed
Sc-137	Action changed
Sc-138	Scene Deleted
Sc-140	Pier changed to Barge
	Action changed
Sc-144	Dialogue changed
Sc-151	Action changed
Sc-152	Sc. 153 added here
Sc-153	Deleted

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RE: 06/07/94 SCRIPT REVISION

Leo's and Rabin's characters have been combined to: Rabin.

When compiling your script, please remove blue page 8A.

The following scenes have been deleted

Sc-21 - Hearing Room - Los Angeles
Sc-48 - Workshop - Rabin, Louis and Leo
Sc-49 - Rabin's Office - Dialogue moved to bottom of Scene 47
Sc-52 - Workshop - Leo
Sc-74 - Workshop - Verbal's last line moved to Scene 75
Sc-82 - Int. Elevator - Office Building
Sc-83 - Hallway - Office Building
Sc-84 - Lobby - Office Building
Sc-85 - Elevator - Office Building
Sc-87 - Lobby - Office Building
Sc-88 - Elevator - Office Building

Sc-7	Dialogue changed back to English version, line added for Keaton
Sc-10	French dialogue changed back to English, Fortier's line has been given to Renault
Sc-22	Office changed to Hallway - New dialogue for Rabin and Kujan
Sc-23	Location changed from Int. Hallway to Int. Rabin's office
Sc-25	Cut -woman lying in bed
Sc-26	Workshop scene deleted - changed to Hallway, Police Station
Sc-27	Description of Rabin's office moved to Scene 23
Sc-50	Louis replaces Leo in the workshop
Sc-60	Scene Shortened - Cut McManus beating Redfoot furiously, dialogue changed
Sc-62	Baer says, "Yesterday" instead of "just two days ago"
Sc-64	"Destroying the boat" has been changed to destroying the cocaine
Sc-75	Verbal O.S.is now first four lines of scene
Sc-81	At the end of the scene McManus climbs into elevator hatch
Sc-89	Lobby - Office Building, Hockney's character removed
Sc-122	Workshop changed to Hallway

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Cont...

Sc-122 Dialogue change - Baer and Rabin's lines swapped
The word "exploded" has been changed to "burned"
Sc-153 Leo's line has been given to The Cop

Please note: The following pages are combined on one page:
23-24, 25-29

White Haired Man has been cut

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THE USUAL SUSPECTS

DATE: 06/01/94
TO: ALL
FROM: KEN KOKIN
RE: 06/01/94 SCRIPT REVISION

The script enclosed has been revised with the following changes. These are the BLUE pages. Further changes are being made currently and we will have them off to you as soon as possible.

Sc-7	Dialogue added
Sc-10	Dialogue added
Sc-13	Dialogue added
Sc-14	Dialogue added
Sc-15	Dialogue added
Sc-18	Dialogue changed
Sc-22	Dialogue added
Sc-23	Dialogue changed
Sc-30	Name change
Sc-34	Green Minivan is changed to: VAN
Sc-42	Dialogue changed
Sc-60	Dialogue/Action change
Sc-62	Location changed: Hallway to "Outside Rabin's Office" Verbal added to scene Dialogue changed
Sc-66	Scene deleted
Sc-65	Dialogue condensed
Sc-70	Rabin added to scene.
Sc-72	Location changed: Hospital Room changed to Hallway outside Hospital Room
Sc-72	Dialogue added
Sc-122	Dialogue changed, Louis Grisham added to scene
Sc-141	Kujan takes off microphone.

Name Changes:

Summers	changed to Renault
Nobert	changed to Fortier
Keyser Sume	changed to Keyser Söze

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THE USUAL SUSPECTS

DATE: 05/25/94
TO: ALL
FROM: KEN KOKIN
RE: 05/25/94 SCRIPT REVISION

The script enclosed has been revised with the following changes. This is a WHITE script. Further changes are being made currently and we will have them off to you as soon as possible.

Sc-2	Unknown Man frees stern line
Sc-4	Old (working) Paint Mixer added
Sc-17	DELETED
Sc-18	Bench replaces Bed
Sc-19	Body-bags added, Fire Boat added to douse the "Smouldering remains of the boat."
Sc-21	Tape Recorder added
Sc-25	Old Woman (Extra) added
Sc-26	Small mic (hand-held) replaced with one that fits under Kujan's tie
Sc-38	Gallon Jug added
Sc-41	Fire gag added
Sc-56	Car Crash Cut, MAN and WOMAN cut.
Sc-60	Over all changes and stunts are added
Sc-64	Kobayashi is no longer an *Asian* Man
Sc-68	Fire Wall gag added
Sc-73	Completely revised, see page, 82
Sc-94	Now on a hillside road - DAY
Sc-99	Add Shoulder bag stuffed with Plastique and a timer
Sc-105	Same Plastique is referred to as, *The Bomb*
Sc-108	F/X change
Sc-112	Stunt change
Sc-114	F/X change
Sc-131	Keaton now releases bow-line

The following scenes have changed since the last distribution of script dated 03/09/94 (these changes are not marked with revision marks)

Name Changes:	
Jasper Briggs	changed to Jack Baer
Michael McManus	changed to McManus
Stephen Yule	changed to David Nobert
Bill Strausz	changed to Jim Strausz
Frank Tucci	changed to Tucci
John Higham	changed to Higham
Dr. Alan Saccone	changed to Dr.Ridgly Walters

cont.

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-Please Note: Joel Cheever is no longer a character in the script.

-La Lanturna Restaurant has been changed to Mondino's Restaurant.

-The line in Scene 10 "From Manhattan Trust" has been ommitted.

-The reference in Scene 21 to "L.A." has been ommitted

-The reference in Scene 42 to "Times" has been changed to "papers"

-The reference to U.N. "Law" in Scene 64 has been changed to "Regulations"

-In Scene 122 change "Manhattan" to "New York"

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Pleased to meet you,
Hope you guessed my name
But what's puzzlin' you
Is the nature of my game

-The Rolling Stones

- Sympathy for
the Devil

1 BLACK 1

The lonely sound of a buoy bell in the distance. Water slapping against a smooth, flat surface in rhythm. The creaking of wood.

Off in the very far distance, one can make out the sound of sirens.

SUDDENLY, a single match ignites and invades the darkness. It quivers for a moment. A dimly lit hand brings the rest of the pack to the match. A plume of yellow-white flame flares and illuminates the battered face of DEAN KEATON, age forty. His salty-gray hair is wet and matted. His face drips with water or sweat. A large cut runs the length of his face from the corner of his eye to his chin. It bleeds freely. An un-lit cigarette hangs in the corner of his mouth.

In the half-light we can make out that he is on the deck of a large boat. A yacht, perhaps, or a small freighter. He sits with his back against the front bulkhead of the wheel house. His legs are twisted at odd, almost impossible angles. He looks down.

A thin trail of liquid runs past his feet and off into the darkness. Keaton lights the cigarette on the burning pack of matches before throwing them into the liquid.

The liquid IGNITES with a poof.

The flame runs up the stream, gaining in speed and intensity. It begins to ripple and rumble as it runs down the deck towards the stern. *

2 EXT. BOAT - NIGHT - STERN 2*

A stack of oil drums rests on the stern. They are stacked on a palette with ropes at each corner that attach it to a huge crane on the dock. One of the barrels has been punctured at it's base. Gasoline trickles freely from the hole. *

The flame is racing now towards the barrels. Keaton smiles weakly to himself.

The flame is within a few yards of the barrels when another stream of liquid splashes onto the gas. The flame fizzles out pitifully with a hiss.

Two feet straddle the flame. A stream of urine flows onto the deck from between them.

The sound of a fly zipping. Follow the feet as they move over to where Keaton rests at the wheel house.

CRANE UP to the waist of the unknown man. He pulls a pack of cigarettes out of one pocket and a strange antique lighter from the other. It is gold, with a clasp that folds down over the flint. The man flicks up the clasp with his thumb and strikes it with his index finger. It is a fluid motion, somewhat showy.

Keaton looks up at the man. A look of realization crosses his face. It is followed by frustration, anger, and finally resignation.

VOICE (O.S.)
How are you, Keaton?

KEATON
I'd have to say my spine was broken, Keyser.

He spits the name out like it was poison.

The man puts the lighter back in his pocket and reaches under his jacket. He produces a stainless .38 revolver.

VOICE (O.S.)
Ready?

KEATON
What time is it?

The hand with the gun turns over, turning the gold watch on its wrist upward.

The sound of sirens is closer now. Headed this way.

VOICE (O.S.)
Twelve thirty.

Keaton grimaces bitterly and nods. He turns his head away and takes another drag.

The hand with the gun waits long enough for Keaton to enjoy his last drag before pulling the trigger.

GUNSHOT

The sound of Keaton's body slumping onto the deck.

MOVE OUT ACROSS THE DECK. Below is the stream of gasoline still flowing freely.

The sound of the gasoline igniting. The flame runs in front of us towards the barrels, finally leaping up in a circle around the drums, burning the wood of the pallet and licking the spouting stream as it pours from the hole.

MOVE OUT ACROSS THE DOCK, away from the boat.

The pier to which the boat is moored is littered with DEAD BODIES. Twenty or more men have been shot to pieces and lie scattered everywhere in what can only be the aftermath of a fierce fire-fight.

A BARGE COMES INTO VIEW. *

On the deck of the barge is a tangle of cables and girders. * The mesh of steel and rubber leaves a dark and open cocoon * beneath its base. *

MOVE INTO THE DARKNESS.

Sirens are close now. Almost here. The sound of fire raging out of control.

SIRENS BLARING. TIRES SQUEALING. CAR DOORS OPENING. FEET POUNDING THE PAVEMENT.

MOVE FURTHER, SLOWER, INTO THE DARKNESS.

Voices yelling. New light flickering in the surrounding darkness.

SUDDENLY, AN EXPLOSION.

Then silence. TOTAL BLACKNESS.

We hear the voice of ROGER "VERBAL" KINT, whom we will soon meet.

VERBAL (V.O.)
New York. - six weeks ago. A truck loaded with stripped gun parts got jacked outside of Queens. The driver didn't see anybody, but somebody fucked up. He heard a voice. Sometimes, that's all you need.

BOOM

3 INT. DARK APARTMENT - DAY - NEW YORK - SIX WEEKS PRIOR TO PRESENT DAY 3

The black explodes with the opening of a door into a dark room. Outside, the hall is filled with blinding white light. Shadows in the shapes of men flood into the room. We can make out men in hoods with flashlights. They are laden with weapons.

VOICES
POLICE. SEARCH WARRANT. DON'T MOVE.

It is a blur of violent action and sound. Beams of flashlights cut the darkness in all directions.

FINALLY:

A dozen flashlights land on one man. He lies naked in bed, emerging from a deep sleep. He squints at the flood of blinding white light, more annoyed than frightened. He nearly laughs at the sound of countless guns cocking. He is McMANUS. Age twenty-eight.

VOICE (O.S.)
Mr. McManus?

McMANUS
Yeah.

VOICE (O.S.)
Police. We have a warrant for your arrest.

McMANUS
Will they be serving coffee downtown?

Two dozen black gloved hands grab him and yank him out of bed.

4 INT. AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY 4*

An old paint mixer vibrates furiously.

TODD HOCKNEY, a dark, portly man in his thirties is working on an old Fire-bird. *

A YOUNG HISPANIC KID mixes paint a few feet away. *

SUDDENLY, the garage door opens TO REVEAL: *

A row of five men silhouetted by the bright sun.

Hockney squints.

HOCKNEY
Can I help you?

Hockney's voice is gruff.

MAN
Todd Hockney?

Hockney reaches for something just inside the door of the Fire-bird.

HOCKNEY
Who are you?

All six men INSTANTLY PRODUCE GUNS and aim them at Hockney.

MAN
Police.

Hockney withdraws a filthy towel and wipes grease and sweat from his forehead.

HOCKNEY
We don't do gun repair.

5 EXT. STREET - NEW YORK - DAY 5

FRED FENSTER, a tall, thin man in his thirties strolls casually down the street. He is dressed conspicuously in a loud suit and tie with shoes that have no hope of matching. He smokes a cigarette and chews gum at the same time.

He happens to glance over his shoulder and notice a brown Ford sedan with four men in it cruising along the curb. He picks up his step a little. The Ford keeps up.

He looks ahead at the corner. He tries to look as comfortable as he can, checking his watch as though remembering an appointment he is late for. The Ford stays right on him.

SUDDENLY, he bolts. He gets no more than a few yards before cars pour out of every conceivable nook and cranny. Brakes are squealing, radios squawking, guns cocking. Fenster is surrounded instantly. He stops short and flaps his hands on his thighs in defeat.

6 INT. MONDINO'S RESTAURANT - DAY 6

An attractive man and woman walk quickly through the front of a small New York cafe. They are charged with nervous, excited energy.

The man is DEAN KEATON, a well dressed, sturdy looking man in his forties with slightly graying hair. He looks much better than he did in the opening scene. The woman with him is EDIE FINNERAN, age thirty-three, poised and attractive - Easily the calmer of the two.

They come to a staircase at the back of the restaurant leading down to a dark room. Edie takes Keaton's arm and stops him.

EDIE
Let me look at you.

Keaton is uncomfortable in his suit, or perhaps the situation. Still, he smiles with genuine warmth.

Edie straightens his tie and picks microscopic imperfections from his lapel.

EDIE (CONT'D)
Now remember, this is another kind of business. They don't earn your respect. You owe it to them. Don't stare them down but don't look away either. Confidence. They are fools not to trust you. That's the attitude.

KEATON
I'm having a stroke.

EDIE
You've come far. You're a good man. I love you.

Keaton blinks then stammers, looking for a response.

PAUSE

EDIE (CONT'D)
Live with it.

She kisses him and runs down the steps with Keaton close behind. Keaton playfully grabs her ass and she nearly stumbles down the stairs.

7 INT. RESTAURANT - DOWNSTAIRS 7

They come to the bottom of the steps giggling and jabbing each other. Once off the stairs they instantly transform as though hit with cold air. They assume a cool, professional exterior and walk two feet apart. One would look at them and see only two business associates here to ply their trade.

They walk across the dimly lit dining room to a table in the far corner where two men are already waiting. The first is MR. FORTIER, age thirty-five, the other is MR. RENAULT, age sixty. Both men are impeccably dressed with a distinguished air. They stand and smile.

FORTIER
Edie, nice to see you.

EDIE
Sorry we're late.

FORTIER
Nonsense. Sit, please.

RENAULT
(struggling with English).
You must be Mr. Keaton.

EDIE
I'm sorry. Dean Keaton -

Renault's hand is already out.

RENAULT
Monsieur Renault. A pleasure.

KEATON
How do you do?

They shake hands. Keaton takes Fortier's hand next.

FORTIER
Monsieur Fortier. So nice to finally meet you.

Everyone sits at the table. All faces are smiling.

LOW ANGLE: UNDER TABLE

Edie's hand reaches out and finds Keaton's leg. Her hand runs high up his inner thigh and squeezes firmly.

Her face is absolutely calm, giving no hint of what her hand is doing. Keaton smiles and clears his throat.

8 INT. MONDINO'S RESTAURANT 8

Follow a waiter past the flight of steps.

PAN DOWN TO REVEAL:

Five sets of feet arriving at the bottom.

The feet in the middle wear shoes notably nicer than the rest.

PAN UP TO REVEAL:

SPECIAL AGENT DAVID KUJAN (Pronounced Koo-yahn), U.S. CUSTOMS. Thirtyish, dark-haired and determined.

9 SCENE DELETED

9*

10 INT. RESTAURANT - DOWNSTAIRS 10

FORTIER
Edie brought us your proposal and I'll be honest. We're very impressed. A bit skeptical, I must admit, but impressed.

KEATON
Skeptical.

RENAULT
We find the concept brilliant, but New York is difficult for new restaurants. How can we be certain that our money will be returned in the long run?

Keaton looks at Edie and smiles confidently.

KEATON
It's simple gentlemen, design versatility. A restaurant that can change with taste without losing the overall aesthetic. Our atmosphere won't be painted on the walls.

FORTIER
This was the part of the proposal that intrigued us, but I'm not sure I follow.

KEATON
Let's say for example -

VOICE (O.S.)
This I had to see myself.

Keaton looks up. He sees David Kujan. Behind him are the very serious looking guys in suits.

Keaton is not happy to see them.

KEATON
Dave. I'm in a meeting.

KUJAN
Time for another one.

KEATON
This is my attorney, Edie Finneran.
(Gesturing)

KEATON (cont'd)
This is Mr. Renault and Mr. Fortier. Everyone, this is David Kujan.

KUJAN
Special Agent Kujan. U.S. Customs.
(Gestures to men behind him)
These gentlemen are with the New York police department. You look great, Keaton. Better than I would have thought.

RENAULT
Is there a problem, Mr. Keaton?

KUJAN
The small matter of a stolen truck-load of guns that wound up on a boat to Ireland last night.

Renault and Fortier's confusion is giving way to suspicion.

FORTIER
Mr. Keaton?

KEATON
If you will excuse us for a moment, gentlemen.

KUJAN
We need to ask you some questions downtown. You'll be quite awhile.

Renault starts to get up.

RENAULT
We should leave you to discuss whatever this is.

KEATON
Please. Sit.

Keaton stands up and throws a wad of money on the table to cover the check. He looks at Edie. She moves to stand, but he sits her back down with a hand on her shoulder.

KEATON
Enjoy the meal.
(To Edie)
I'll call you.

Kujan takes him by the arm, but Keaton yanks away.

He looks out over the dozens of other faces in the restaurant. Everyone is looking at him with some level of surprise. If Keaton is humiliated by the whole affair, he hides it well.

11 INT. LOCK-UP HALLWAY - NIGHT 11*

A police officer steps into the frame and opens the steel door.

FOLLOW A PAIR OF FEET as they shuffle across the cement floor. The shoes are shabby and worn, as are the wrinkled pants that hang too low and loose at the cuffs. The right foot is turned slightly inward and falls with a hard limp. It is clear that the knee does not extend fully.

The sound of a steel door opening. The bottom corner of a steel cage comes into view. Another set of feet falls into step with the first. Another steel door and another set of feet. Another door, another and another. Five pairs of feet walk single file down the hall.

The lame feet are in the front of the line. They come to another steel door, this one solid and covered with dents and rivets.

CRANE UP TO REVEAL:

ROGER KINT, VERBAL to his few friends. He has a deeply lined face, making his thirty-odd years a good guess at best. From his twisted left hand, we can see that he suffers from a slight but not debilitating palsy. Behind him are Dean Keaton, Fred Fenster, McManus and Todd Hockney.

Verbal steps through the door, followed by the rest.

VERBAL (V.O.)
It didn't make sense that I be there. I mean these guys were hard-core hijackers, but there I was. At that point, I wasn't scared, I knew I hadn't done anything they could do me for. Besides, it was fun. I got to make like I was notorious.

12 INT. LINE-UP ROOM 12

The five men are ushered into the room in front of a white wall painted with horizontal blue stripes. Each has a number at either end to denote the height of the man in front of it. Between these lines are thinner blue lines to tell the specific height in inches.

Bright lights shine on all of them. They squint, eyes adjusting.

Keaton leans forward a bit and looks at the men in line with him. He shares a look of familiarity with Fenster and then McManus. Hockney smiles at all of them.

McMANUS
(To Keaton)
Where you been, man?

VOICE (O.S.)
SHUT UP IN THERE. Alright, you all know the drill. When your number is called, step forward and repeat the phrase you've been given. Understand?

The men all nod.

VOICE (O.S.)
Number one. Step forward.

Hockney takes a step forward. He looks directly into a mirror on the other side of the room. It is three feet square and we can make out faint light behind it. It is a two-way. He speaks in a complete dead-pan.

HOCKNEY
Hand-me-the-keys, you-fucking-cock-sucker.

VOICE (O.S.)
Number two. Step forward.

McManus steps up and makes a gun with his thumb and forefinger. He mocks criminal intensity, pointing at the mirror. He camps up his line.

McMANUS
Give me the keys, you motherfucking, cocksucking pile of shit, or I'll rip off your -

VOICE (O.S.)
KNOCK IT OFF. Get back in line.

McManus steps back.

The rest of the men do their bit as Verbal speaks.

VERBAL (V.O.)
It was bullshit. The whole rap was a setup. Everything is the cops' fault. You don't put guys like that in a room together. Who knows what can happen?

13 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 13

McManus sits in a chair in front of a white wall. He smiles at someone off-screen.

OVERLAPPED:

McMANUS
This has to be embarrassing for you guys, huh? I mean you know and I know this is a load of shit, but at least I don't have a captain with his dick in my ass making me play along. That has *got* to suck.

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you done?

McMANUS
Do you work for a broad? That would have to be the worst.

VOICE (O.S.)
Are you done?

McMANUS
Still, I guess dignity is a small price to pay for medical and a pension. A small pension, mind you, but a pension nonetheless.

VERBAL (V.O.)
They drilled us all night. Somebody was pissed about that truck getting knocked off and the cops had nothing. They were hoping somebody would slip. Give them something to go on. They knew we wouldn't fight it because they knew how to lean on us. They'd been doing it forever. Our rights went right out the window. It was a violation. I mean disgraceful.

VERBAL (V.O.)
They went after McManus first. He was a good guy. Crazy though. A top notch entry man.

VOICE (O.S.)
So where'd you dump the truck?

McMANUS
What truck?

VOICE (O.S.)
The truck with the guns, fucko.

McMANUS
You kill me, you really do. Where's my phone call?

VOICE (O.S.)
Right here. Suck it out.

McMANUS
Clever guy.

VOICE (O.S.)
You want to know what your buddy Fenster told us?

McMANUS
Do I look stupid enough to fall for that? Jesus Christ. Beat me if you gotta, but no more of the candy-land tactics, man.

VOICE (O.S.)
WHERE'S THE FUCKING TRUCK?

14 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 14

Now Fenster is in the seat. He sweats profusely.

FENSTER
I want to call my lawyer. I don't know about any truck. I was in Connecticut all night on Friday.

VOICE (O.S.)
That's not what McManus said.

OVERLAPPED:

FENSTER
Who?

VOICE (O.S.)
McManus. He told us another story altogether.

FENSTER
Was it the one about the hooker with dysentery? I swear, she never mentioned money until I came.

VOICE (O.S.)
He told us about the truck.

FENSTER
To be honest, it was more like a mobile home. She made a lot of money.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who took the guns off your hands?

FENSTER
Hey, are we talking about the same thing?

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm losing my patience.

VERBAL (V.O.)
Fenster always worked with McManus. He was a real tight-ass, but when it came to the job, he was right on. Smart guy. A gopher. Got whatever you needed for next to nothing.

FENSTER
You guys got nothing on me. Where's your probable cause?

VOICE (O.S.)
You're a known hijacker. You're sweating like a guilty motherfucker. That's my p.c. Save us the time. Tell us where the truck is.

Fenster knocks on the table.

FENSTER
HELLO? Can you hear me in the back? P.C.

He looks under his chair.

FENSTER (CONT'D)
Where is it? I'm lookin'. It's not happening. What's going on with that? I want -

15 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 15

Hockney's turn in the chair. He laughs it all off.

HOCKNEY
- my lawyer. I'll have your badge, cocksucker.

OVERLAPPED:

HOCKNEY (CONT'D)
I know you. You don't think I know you're on the pad? This whole fucking precinct is dirty. You don't have a fucking leg to stand on.

VERBAL (V.O.)
Hockney was just a bad bastard. Good with explosives. Mean as a snake when it mattered.

VOICE (O.S.)
You think so, tough guy? I can put you in Queens the day of the hijacking.

HOCKNEY
I live in Queens. What the fuck is this? You come into my store and lock me up in front of my customers. What the hell is wrong with this country? Are you guys gonna charge me or what?

VOICE (O.S.)
You know what happens if you do another turn in the joint?

HOCKNEY
I'll fuck your father in the shower. Charge me, dick-head.

16 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM 16

Now Keaton sits in the chair, cool and indifferent.

VERBAL (V.O.)
Keaton was the real prize for them, for obvious reasons.

VOICE (O.S.)
I'll charge you when I'm ready.

KEATON
With what?

VOICE (O.S.)
You know damn well, dead-man.

KEATON
Hey, that was your mistake, not mine. Did you ever think to ask me? I've been

KEATON (cont'd)
walking around with the same face, same name - I'm a businessman, fellas.

VOICE (O.S.)
What's that? The restaurant business? Not anymore. From now on you're in the getting-fucked-by-us business. I'm gonna make you famous, cocksucker.

Keaton shows just a flicker of contempt. The threat has hit home.

KEATON
Like I said. It was all your mistake. Charge me with it and I'll beat it. Let's get back to the truck.

A FIST flies into the frame and connects with Keaton's jaw. His head snaps back, blood flowing freely from his mouth.

17 DELETED 17

18 INT. CELL BLOCK 18

Keaton is brought in to a holding where he joins Fenster, Hockney, Verbal and McManus. He sits in a corner and keeps to himself.

Fenster is in mid-tirade.

FENSTER
Somebody should do something. What is this shit - getting hauled in every five minutes? Okay, so I did a little time, does that mean I get railed every time a truck finds its way off the planet? *

McManus is silently staring at Keaton, who sits on a bench, looking away.

HOCKNEY
These guys got no probable cause.

FENSTER
You're fuckin' A right, no P.C. Well screw P.C. No right. No goddamn right. You do some time, they never let you go. Treat me like a criminal, I'll end up a criminal.

HOCKNEY
You are a criminal.

FENSTER
Why you gotta go and do that? I'm trying to make a point.

KEATON
Then make it. Christ, you're making me tired all over.

McManus looks at Keaton.

McMANUS
I heard you were dead, Keaton.

KEATON
You heard right.

HOCKNEY
The word I got is you hung up your spurs, man. What's that all about?

McMANUS
What's this?

HOCKNEY
Rumor has it, Keaton's gone straight - cleaning house. I hear he's tapping Edie Finneran.

McMANUS
Who?

HOCKNEY
She's a heavy-weight criminal lawyer from uptown. Big-time connected. She could erase Dillinger's record if she tried. I hear she's Keaton's meal ticket.
(To Keaton)
Is it true?

McMANUS
How about it, Keaton? You a lawyer's wife. What sort of "retainer" you giving her?

Keaton shoots McManus a fiery glare. --

FENSTER
I'd say you've gotten on his main and central nerve, McManus.

KEATON
Do your friend a favor, Fenster, keep him quiet.

McMANUS
You're clean, Keaton? Say it ain't so. Was it you that hit that truck?

FENSTER
Forget him. It's not important. I was trying to make a point.

KEATON
(Ignoring McManus)
This whole thing was a shakedown.

McMANUS
What makes you say that?

KEATON
How many times have you been in a line-up? It's always you and four dummies. The P.D. pays homeless guys ten bucks a head half the time. No way they'd line five felons in the same row. No way. And what the hell is a voice line-up? A *public defender* could get you off of that.

FENSTER
So why the hell was I hauled in and cavity searched tonight?

KEATON
It was the Feds. A truck load of guns gets snagged, Customs comes down on N.Y.P.D. for some answers - they come up with us. They're grabbing at straws. It's politics - nothing you can do.

FENSTER
I had a guy's fingers in my asshole tonight.

HOCKNEY
Is it Friday already?

FENSTER
Fuck you. I'll never shit right again. So who did it? Own up.

KEATON
I don't want to know.

McMANUS
Nobody asked you, workin'-man.

HOCKNEY
Fuck who did it. What I want to know is, who's the gimp?

ALL EYES suddenly turn on Verbal. He has been quietly listening the whole time without uttering a word.

KEATON
He's alright.

HOCKNEY
How do I know that? How about it, pretzel-man? What's your story?

KEATON
His name is Verbal Kint. I thought you guys knew him.

McMANUS
Verbal?

VERBAL
Roger really. People say I talk too much.

HOCKNEY
Yeah, I was gonna tell you to shut up.

KEATON
We've met once or twice. Last time was in...

VERBAL
County. I was in for fraud.

KEATON
You were waiting for a line-up then, too. What happened with that?

VERBAL
I walked. Ninety days, suspended.

HOCKNEY
So you did it?

VERBAL
To your mother's ass.

Verbal looks away from Hockney, awaiting a violent response. Everyone slowly starts to laugh. Hockney looks as if he is about to boil in his own skin.

KEATON
(To Hockney)
Let it go.

Verbal smiles at Keaton appreciatively.

McManus stands and and walks to the toilet in the corner of the cell. He starts taking a leak.

McMANUS
Look, we've all been put out by this, I figure we owe it to ourselves to salvage a little dignity. Now Fenster and I got wind of a possible job -

KEATON
Why don't you just calm down?

HOCKNEY
What do you care what he says?

McMANUS
Yeah, I'm just talking here, and Hockney seems to want to hear me out. I know Fenster is with me -
(To Verbal)
How about you, guy?

McManus finishes pissing.

VERBAL
I'm interested, sure.

McMANUS
There, so you see, I'm going to exercise my right to free assembly.

McManus taps the bars of his cell and the others LAUGH.

KEATON
I'm not kidding. Shut your mouth.

McMANUS
You're missing the point.

-- KEATON
No, you're missing the point. Shut up. I don't want to hear anything you have to say. I don't want to know about your "job". Just don't let me hear you. I want nothing to do with any of you -
(Beat)
I beg your pardon, but all of you can go to hell.

McMANUS
Dean Keaton, gone the high road. What is the world coming to?

McManus and Keaton stare at one another for a long and tense moment. Finally McManus turns to the others.

McMANUS (CONT'D)
Forget him then.
(Whispering)
Now I can't talk about this here in any detail, but listen up...

Everyone but Keaton gravitates toward McManus's cell as he begins to speak in low, hushed tones.

VERBAL (V.O.)
And that was how it began. The five of us brought in on a trumped-up charge to be leaned on by half-wits. What the cops never figured out, and what I know now, was that these men would never break, never lie down, never bend over for anybody... *Anybody*.

19 EXT. PIER - DAY - SAN PEDRO - PRESENT DAY 19

It is morning in the aftermath of the opening scene.

Harsh sunlight shines on a line of body bags on the dock.

Police swarm everywhere, photographers are taking pictures of the scene while a team of men in rolled up sleeves and plastic gloves pick at the remains.

Two men on a fire boat operate a water cannon, dousing the smoldering remains of a burned-out ships hull.

Watching this from the edge of the pier is a man in a dark suit. He is SPECIAL AGENT JACK BAER of the F.B.I. He is tall and fit, in his late thirties. He gazes out over the water thoughtfully.

A UNIFORM COP trots up to him.

COP
Who are you?

Baer holds up his badge without looking at the man.

BAER
Agent Jack Baer, F.B.I. How many dead?

Before the cop can answer, Baer turns and walks along the line of body bags.

COP
Fifteen so far. We're still pulling some bodies out of the water.

Baer eyes the corpses on the dock, burned beyond recognition. *

COP
Looking for anyone in particular?

Baer looks at the cop for the first time, unamused.

BAER
I don't want any of the bodies taken away until I've had a chance to go over this, understood?

COP
I have to clear the scene. I've got word direct from the Chief -

Baer lights a cigarette, only half listening.

BAER
(Unimpressed)
Yes, the chief. Spooky stuff. Any survivors?

COP
Two. There's a guy in county hospital, but he's in a coma. The D.A. has the other guy - A cripple - from New York I think. Listen, the Chief said -

BAER
Excuse me.

Baer walks away from the cop, ignoring him completely. He wanders through the carnage on the pier.

20 EXT. OCEAN 20

A half mile out from the pier.

The sea is choppy, stirred by the wind. An object floats into view a few feet away, bobbing in the water.

It is A DEAD BODY - a man, face down, wearing a CHECKERED BATHROBE. He drifts quietly toward the open ocean.

21 INT. HEARING ROOM - DAY - LOS ANGELES PRESENT 21*

Verbal Kint sits in a chair in front of a microphone attached to a tape recorder, his brow beaded with sweat.

On the wall behind him is the seal of the STATE OF CALIFORNIA

He is cleaner, better kept, in a well-cut suit and neatly trimmed hair. He looks older than he did in New York - worn down.

A flurry of voices banter off screen. Verbal's eyes follow the voices back and forth.

VOICE #1 (O.S.)
My client offers his full cooperation in these proceedings. In exchange, his testimony is to be sealed and all matters incriminating to himself are to be rendered inadmissible.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
The district attorney's office will comply provided -

VOICE #1
No provisions, nothing. My clients testimony for his immunity.

VOICE #2
May I be frank, Counselor? I suspect your political power as much as I respect it. I don't know why Mr. Kint has so many faceless allies in City Hall, and I don't care. The embarrassment he helped cause the city of New York will not happen here.

VOICE #1
Immunity.

VOICE #2
Counselor, I *will* prosecute your client.

VOICE #1
Then prosecute. I will be very impressed to see if the District Attorney manages to bring in twenty-seven simultaneous counts of murder against one man with cerebral palsy. I would think a man with your job would agree with these alleged "faceless people in City Hall" you mention.

VOICE #2
One would think the counsel is veiling a threat.

VOICE #1
Counsel isn't *veiling* anything.

VOICE #2
I'll take my chances then. I'll feel safer without a job if a man like Mr. Kint is behind bars.

VOICE #1
Mr. Kint will plead guilty to weapons possession.

VOICE #2
You're joking.

VOICE #1
Weapons. Misdemeanor one.

VOICE #2
Counselor, you're insulting me.

VOICE #1
Counselor, you're bluffing. Shall I push for misdemeanor two?

Voices mumble off screen. Verbal fidgets in his chair.

VOICE #2
Misdemeanor one. Fine. This is ludicrous.

A tiny smile and a genuine look of disbelief flash across Verbal's face.

VOICE #2 (CONT'D)
(Clearing throat)
As for the rest of the charges grand larceny, arson... murder - the district attorney will accept the subject's testimony in connection with the above mentioned events and in exchange will offer complete immunity. The transcript... The transcript of said testimony will be sealed and all matters incriminating to Mr. Kint will be rendered inadmissible.

Verbal lets out a long-held sigh of relief.

22 INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY 22

David Kujan is walking quickly beside SERGEANT RABIN, a dark and weathered looking man in his late thirties. They move up a staircase into the heart of police headquarters.

KUJAN
What do you mean I can't see him?

RABIN
The D.A. came down here last night ready to arraign before they even moved him to county. Kint's lawyer comes in and five minutes later, the D.A. comes out looking like he'd been bitch-slapped by the boogey man. They took his statement and cut him a deal.

KUJAN
Did they charge him with *anything*?

RABIN
Weapons. Misdemeanor two.

KUJAN
What the fuck is that?

Rabin motions for Kujan to lower his voice. He points out that they are walking through a bullpen filled with desks where a number of other police are working within earshot.

RABIN
I give the D.A. credit for getting that much to stick. This whole thing has turned political. The Mayor was here - the chief - the Governor called this morning, for Christ's sake. This guy is

RABIN (cont'd)
protected - From up on high by the prince of fucking darkness.

KUJAN
When does he post bail?

RABIN
Two hours, tops.

KUJAN
I want to see him.

Rabin comes to an office door with his name on it. He opens it and lets Kujan in before following.

23 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE 23*

RABIN
Dave, please.

Rabin's office can only be described as a disaster area. The desk is cluttered with weeks, perhaps months or even years of paperwork that could never conceivably be sorted out.

Above his desk is a bulletin board. It is a breathtaking catastrophe of papers, wanted posters, rap-sheets, memos and post-its. This is in the neighborhood of decades. Rabin is a man with a system so cryptic, so far beyond the comprehension of others, he himself is most likely baffled by it.

RABIN (CONT'D)
Even if I was to let you talk to him, he won't talk to you. He's paranoid about being recorded and he knows the interrogation rooms are wired

KUJAN
This won't *be* an interrogation, just a... friendly chat to kill time.

RABIN
(enunciating)
He won't go into the interrogation room.

KUJAN
Someplace else, then.

RABIN
Where?

Kujan looks around Rabin's messy office.

RABIN (CONT'D)
No, no, no, no, no.

KUJAN
If it was a dope deal, where's the dope, if it was a hit, who called it in?

RABIN
And I am sure you have a host of wild theories to answer these questions.

KUJAN
You know damn well what I think.

RABIN
That's crazy, Dave and it doesn't matter. He has total immunity and his story checks out. He doesn't know what you want to know.

KUJAN
I don't think he does. Not exactly, but there's a lot more to his story. I want to know why twenty-seven men died on that pier for what looks to be ninety-one million dollars worth of dope that wasn't there. Above all, I want to be sure that Dean Keaton is dead.

RABIN
He's dead.

KUJAN
Two hours. Just until he makes bail.

RABIN
They're all dead. No matter how tough you say this Keaton was, no one on that boat could've made it out alive. *

24 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY 24

A door marked INTENSIVE CARE.

The door BURSTS OPEN. SUDDENLY, the hallway is a flurry of activity.

DOCTOR LISA PLUMBER, age fifty, walks quickly beside JACK BAER.

Baer walks with all of the determination of a battalion of Chinese infantry.

DOCTOR RIDGLY WALTERS, a young intern in his late twenties rushes up to them.

PLUMBER
Ridgly, this is Special Agent Jack Baer from the F.B.I. Agent Baer, this is Doctor Ridgly Walters.

RIDGLY
Nice to meet you.

BAER
Is he talking?

RIDGLY
He regained consciousness less than an hour ago. He spoke - not English - then he lapsed.

BAER
Hungarian?

RIDGLY
I don't -

BAER
It was Hungarian. Most of them were Hungarians. Any fluent Hungarians on your staff?

RIDGLY
We have a Turkish audiologist.

Ridgly opens a door and Baer barrels through.

25 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM 25

(<< >> DENOTES LINES SPOKEN IN HUNGARIAN)

Baer comes to an abrupt halt at the foot of a bed surrounded by a massive tangle of medical equipment. In the center of it all is the as yet unnamed ARKOSH KOVASH, mid-thirties. His body is nearly mummified in bandages and plaster from waist to chin.

BOLD IS OVERLAPPED:

KOVASH
<<Are you the police? I need the police. He'll find out I'm here and he'll kill me. I need the police. I will tell them anything they want to know. Please. I am going to be killed.>>

BAER
Will he die?

PLUMBER
There's a chance.

Baer walks over to Kovash and kneels down on the bed beside him.

He looks closely at his battered and scalded face. He listens to him for a moment. Kovash goes on incessantly.

KOVASH
<<Find someone who understands me, you idiot, I'm going to be killed. You'll all be killed if he has to do it. Help me, God. They're all stupid. Get someone who understands me or we're all going to die.>>

Baer pulls a cellular phone out of his jacket and dials.

BAER
Call hospital security and put a man on the door until the police get here.

KOVASH
<<Why are you just standing there, you idiot? I'm not speaking English, am I? Wouldn't it make sense to find someone who could talk to me so you could find the person that set me on fire, perhaps? He is the Devil. You've never seen anyone like Keyser Söze in all your miserable life, you idiot. Keyser Söze. Do you at least understand that? Keyser Söze. The Devil himself. Or are you American policemen so stupid that you haven't even heard of him. Keyser Söze, you ridiculous man. KEYSER SOZE.>>

Ridgly runs out of the room. Kovash babbles louder and louder, trying to get Baer's attention. Baer sticks a finger in one ear to block him out and hear the phone.

PLUMBER
Is he dangerous?

BAER
Yes.

Someone picks up on the other end of the phone.

BAER (CONT'D)
Joel, it's Baer. I'm down at L.A. county. The guy they pulled out of the harbor is Arkosh Kovash... Yes, I'm sure... No, he's all fucked up... What? I can't hear you.
(To Arkosh)
Shut up, Hugo, I'm on the phone.
(Into Phone)
Yes... No... Not until I put someone on him. Listen, I need you to send me someone who can speak Hungarian. He's awake and talking like a Thai hooker... How should I know? Get me someone who can talk to him -

Baer is suddenly distracted by something Kovash has said. In the middle of a long string of unintelligible dialect, he has spouted two words that have gotten Baer's attention.

He turns and looks down at the tattered man in the bed. Kovash realizes Baer is listening and says the two words again.

KOVASH
Keyser - Söze.

BAER
What?

He waves his hand, gesturing for Kovash to say it again.

KOVASH
Keyser - Söze.

BAER
No shit?
(Into Phone)
Joel, call Dan Metzheiser over at Justice and find Dave Kujan from Customs.

26 INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION 26

Rabin walks out of a small room. Behind him, we catch a glimpse of a workroom with a bench covered with wires.

Kujan comes out a moment later, gently fixing his tie.

Rabin opens the door to his office and Kujan enters. Rabin follows, looking up and down the hall before closing the door behind them.

As the door closes we can just make out the back of Verbal's head. He is seated in Rabin's office, smoking a cigarette.

27 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE 27

Kujan and Rabin sit down across from Verbal.

Kujan is holding a THICK STACK OF PAPER. He drops it on the table.

RABIN
Verbal, this is Agent Kujan from Customs.

VERBAL
Nice to meet you.

RABIN
He wants to ask you a few questions before you go.

VERBAL
What about?

KUJAN
About Dean Keaton mostly, but I'd like to start at the line-up back in New York.

This hits a chord. Verbal looks down at the floor.

VERBAL
Can I get a coffee?

KUJAN
In a while. What happened after the line-up?

VERBAL
I'm really thirsty. I used to dehydrate as a kid. One time it was so bad, my piss come out like snot. I'm not kidding. It was all thick and -

RABIN
Alright. I'll get you a fucking coffee.

KUJAN
Get me one while you're at it.

Rabin shoots Kujan a look. He walks out of the office, slamming the door behind him.

VERBAL
That guy is tense. Tension is a killer. I used to be in a barber shop quartet in Skokie, Illinois - the baritone was this guy named Kip Diskin. Big fat guy. I mean like Orca fat. He used to get so stressed in the -

KUJAN
(Exasperated)
Verbal, you know we're trying to help you.

VERBAL
Sure. And I appreciate that. And I want to help you, Agent Kujan. I like cops. I would have liked to have been a Fed myself but my C.P. was -

KUJAN
Verbal, I know you know something. I know you're not telling us everything.

VERBAL
I told the D.A. everything I know.

28 INT. WORKSHOP 28

Rabin stands over LOUIS, a messy looking technician at his workbench in a room full of electronic equipment. He adjusts several dials on a receiver until the voices of Kujan and Verbal come clearly through a tinny speaker on the wall. Rabin reaches over for a nearby pot of coffee.

KUJAN (VOICE)
I know you liked Keaton. I know you think he was a good man.

VERBAL (VOICE)
I know he was good.

KUJAN (VOICE)
He was a corrupt cop, Verbal.

29 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE 29

VERBAL
Sure. Fifteen years ago, but he was a good thief. Anyway, the cops wouldn't let him go legit.

KUJAN
Keaton was a piece of shit.

VERBAL
You trying to get a rise out of me, Agent Kujan?

KUJAN
I just want to hear your story.

VERBAL
It's right here.

He taps a finger on the stack of paper that Kujan brought in. Kujan picks it up and thumbs through it.

KUJAN
According to your statement you are a short-con operator. Run of the mill scams. Everything you do, you learned from somebody else.

VERBAL
That's been suppressed. Anything in there is inadmissible.

KUJAN
Oh, I know. Sweet deal you have. Total immunity.

VERBAL
(laughing)
Well I do have the weapons charge. I'm looking at six whole months hard time.

KUJAN
(smiling)
You know a dealer named Ruby Deemer, Verbal?

VERBAL
You know a religious guy named John Paul?

KUJAN
You know Ruby is in Attica?

VERBAL
He didn't have my lawyer.

KUJAN
I know Ruby. He's very big on respect. Likes me very much.

Verbal sees this getting to something. His smiles fades.

KUJAN (CONT'D)
Now I know your testimony was sealed. Ruby is well connected. He still has people running errands for him. What do you think he'd say if he found out you dropped his name to the D.A?

VERBAL
There's nothing in there about Ruby.

KUJAN
I'll be sure to mention that to him.

Verbal is not smiling anymore. He stares at Kujan with utter contempt, knowing he is being shafted.

KUJAN (CONT'D)
The first thing I learned on the job, know what it was? How to spot a murderer. Let's say you arrest three guys for the same killing. Put them all in jail overnight. The next morning, whoever is sleeping is your man. If you're guilty, you know you're caught, you get some rest - let your guard down, you follow?

VERBAL
No.

KUJAN
I'll get right to the point. I'm smarter than you. I'll find out what I want to know and I'll get it from you whether you like it or not.

VERBAL
I'm not a rat.

Kujan puts his hand on the transcript of Verbal's confession. Rabin walks in with a cup of coffee. Verbal takes it with his good hand and sips it with a relish.

VERBAL (CONT'D)
Ahhh. Back when I was picking beans in Guatemala we used to make fresh coffee. Right off the trees I mean. That was good. This is shit, but hey...

RABIN
Can we get started again?

KUJAN
Now what happened after the line-up?

Verbal sneers at Kujan, unable to change the subject.

30 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT - NEW YORK - SIX WEEKS PRIOR 30

Keaton stops at the top of the front steps of the police station and lights a cigarette. Edie comes out behind him, fuming mad.

EDIE
...and the desk Sergeant is actually trying to tell me he can't release you? Can you believe that? You weren't even charged. New York police - Jesus. I want to take pictures of your face to bring to the D.A. first thing in the morning.

KEATON
Just forget about it.

He looks across the street and sees Fenster and McManus talking by a newsstand. McManus is thumbing through magazines.

EDIE
Absolutely not.

Keaton looks to his right and sees Hockney trying to hail a cab.

EDIE (CONT'D)
I'll have this thing in front of a grand jury by Monday.

KEATON
Edie, please. I don't want to hear this right now. What did Renault and Fortier say? *

EDIE
They want more time to think about investing.

KEATON
Goddammit.

EDIE
They just said they wanted time.

KEATON
Time for what, Edie? Time to look into me a little more, that's what. No matter how well you cover my tracks now, they'll find out who I am.

EDIE
Give me some credit. I got you this far, let's go to the grand jury. This is never going to stop if we -

KEATON
No. It's never going to stop, period. It won't take more than a week before every investor in this city is walking away from us. It's finished. I'm finished.

Just then, Verbal bumps into him on his way out the door. He excuses himself and hobbles down the steps, oblivious to who he has bumped into as he tries to navigate the stairs.

EDIE
Don't give up on me now, Dean.

KEATON
They'll never stop.

EDIE
I love you.

KEATON
(To himself)
They ruined me tonight.

EDIE
Dean, I love you. Do you hear me?

Verbal gets to the sidewalk and stops. He turns, realizing it is Keaton on the steps.

EDIE (CONT'D)
Let's just go to my place. We'll worry about this tomorrow.

Keaton and Verbal look at one another for a moment. Keaton then looks over to the newsstand and sees Fenster looking at him.

KEATON
Huh?

McManus notices Fenster and glances up from his magazine to see what he is looking at.

EDIE
Come home with me, please. Dean?

Keaton looks at Hockney who has one foot in a cab. He is looking at Fenster and McManus who are looking at Keaton. This makes Hockney look up at Keaton as well.

SUDDENLY, Edie tunes in to what is going on. She notices the others on the street. She reaches over and takes Keaton by the arm, pulling gently. She glares at the others.

EDIE
Come home, Dean.

KEATON
(Distant)
Alright.

Verbal looks at everyone else from where he stands on the street. Fenster, McManus and Hockney all look at him and then at each other. It is a strange moment of unspoken understanding.

All eyes finally turn to Keaton, high on the front steps of the police station as he walks away with Edie.

31 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 31

Verbal stands in front of an apartment door. He hesitates for a long moment before he knocks.

After a moment, the door opens and Keaton stands on the other side of it. He is wearing a bathrobe and smoking a cigarette.

He looks at Verbal without any expression whatsoever.

KEATON
What are you doing here? How did you find me?

VERBAL
I just asked one of the detectives downtown. He seemed pretty happy to tell me.

Keaton curses under his breath and motions for Verbal to come in.

32 INT. EDIE'S APARTMENT 32

Verbal walks in and sits down on the couch, watching Keaton cautiously. He looks around the large apartment, beautifully furnished and decorated.

Edie walks into the room in a man's button-down shirt and sweat pants.

EDIE
Dean, who was at the -

She stops when she sees Verbal. Verbal stands and smiles nervously.

VERBAL
How do you do?

KEATON
Verb - Roger, this is Edie Finneran. Edie, this is Roger Kint, he was at -

EDIE
(Cold)
I know who he is.

VERBAL
I hope I didn't disturb you.

EDIE
I hope so, too, Mr. Kint. Can I get you something to drink?

VERBAL
A glass of water would be nice.

Edie shoots a look at Keaton on her way out of the room. Keaton tries to hush his voice despite his anger.

KEATON
What the hell do you want?

VERBAL
I wanted to talk to you. The other guys -

KEATON
I did you a favor by standing up for you last night, but don't think we're friends. I'm sorry, but I have other things -

VERBAL
They're gonna do a job. Three million dollars, maybe more.

Keaton is speechless. Verbal sits on the couch again.

VERBAL (CONT'D)
They sent me to offer you a cut. We could use a fifth man - a driver - That's all you'll do.

Edie walks in with a glass of ice water and hands it to Verbal.

VERBAL (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Verbal drinks slowly. Edie stands over him, her face blank. It is an awkward moment. She deliberately makes Verbal uncomfortable.

LONG PAUSE - FINALLY:

EDIE
So what is it you do, Mr. Kint?

VERBAL
Umm...

EDIE
A hijacker like Dean, here? Or something more creative?

KEATON
That's enough, Edie.

EDIE
(Angry)
I don't know what you came here for, but we won't have any part of it.

KEATON
Edie, please.

Keaton takes Edie by the arm and tries to guide her toward the other room. She pulls away, anger turning to rage.

EDIE
I've spent the last year of my life putting his back together again - I won't have you come in here and - What makes you think - GET OUT. GET OUT OF MY HOME. HOW DARE YOU COME HERE?

Keaton is pulling her now. She yanks her arm away and shoves him.

EDIE
Don't touch me. Just don't.

She turns and walks out of the room. Somewhere in the back of the apartment, a door slams.

Keaton turns and glares at Verbal. Verbal cringes.

KEATON
Get out.

VERBAL
If you'll just let me -

SUDDENLY, KEATON LUNGES. He grabs Verbal by the lapels and lifts him off the couch, moving him effortlessly across the room and slamming him into the wall next to the front door. He opens it.

VERBAL (CONT'D)
Don't hurt me.

KEATON
(Seething)
Hurt you, you sonofabitch? I could kill you.

Keaton starts to shove Verbal out the door.

VERBAL
(Quickly)
They're going to hit the Taxi Service.

Keaton freezes. LONG PAUSE.

VERBAL
New York's Finest Taxi Service.

KEATON
They - That's bullshit. They don't operate anymore.

VERBAL
McManus has a friend in the Fourteenth Precinct. They're coming out for one job - Thursday. They're picking up a guy smuggling emeralds out of South America. Fenster and McManus have a fence set to take the stuff.

KEATON
What fence? Who?

VERBAL
Some guy in California. His name is Redfoot.

KEATON
Never heard of him.

Keaton moves to throw Verbal out. Verbal grabs Keaton and holds tight.

VERBAL
You have to come.

KEATON
What's with you? What do you care whether I come or not?

VERBAL
They - They don't know me. You do. They won't take me unless you go. Look at me. I need this.

KEATON
Tough break.

VERBAL
Don't tell me you don't need this. Is this your place?

Keaton is unable to answer.

VERBAL (CONT'D)
They're never going to stop with us, you know that. This way we hit the cops where it hurts and get well in the mean time.

Keaton lets Verbal go and steps back, thinking.

VERBAL (CONT'D)
As clean as you could ever get, they'll never let you go now.

VERBAL (cont'd)
I'm not knocking you. You look like you've got a good little scam going with this lawyer -

WHAM. Keaton punches Verbal in the stomach and drops him to one knee. Verbal coughs and tries to find his breath.

KEATON
You watch your mouth.

VERBAL
(Gasping)
Okay, okay. You say it's the real thing? That's cool.

Keaton reaches for Verbal. Verbal flinches. Keaton gently helps him up and guides him to the couch. They both sit.

Keaton reaches for a pack of cigarettes and lights one for each of them.

KEATON
I apologize.

Verbal takes one and has a few drags, catching his breath and rubbing his stomach in pain.

FINALLY:

VERBAL
I was out of line.

KEATON
You okay?

VERBAL
I'll be alright.

KEATON
Well, I'm sorry.

VERBAL
Forget it.
(Beat)
I'll probably shit blood tonight.

Keaton laughs. Verbal thinks about it for a moment and laughs with him.

Keaton's laughter trails off. He thinks for a moment.

KEATON
How are they going to do it?

VERBAL
McManus wants to go in shooting. I said no way.

KEATON
Fenster and Hockney?

VERBAL
They're pretty pissed off. They'll do anything. Now I got a way to do it without killing anyone, but like I said, they won't let me in without you.

KEATON
Three million?

VERBAL
Maybe more.

KEATON
No killing?

VERBAL
Not if we do it my way.

LONG PAUSE

KEATON
(Lost in thought)
I swore I'd live above myself.

Verbal smiles, knowing he has him.

33 EXT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY 33

VERBAL (V.O.)
New York's finest Taxi Service was not your normal taxi service. It was a ring of corrupt cops in the N.Y.P.D. that ran a high-profit racket, driving smugglers and drug dealers all over the city. For a few hundred dollars a mile, you got your own black and white and a police escort. They even had their own business cards.

OSCAR WHITEHEAD, a tall gray-haired man in his fifties comes out of the international terminal in a white linen suit. He holds a large suitcase in his right hand.

VERBAL (V.O.)
After a while, somebody started asking questions and the taxi service shut down. Ever since then, Internal Affairs had been waiting to catch them in the act.

Oscar stands on the curb long enough to light a cigarette. After a moment, a POLICE CRUISER pulls up to him. He opens the back door and gets in.

VERBAL (V.O.)
And that was how we started. McManus came to us with the job; Fenster got the vans; Hockney supplied the hardware; I came through with how to do it so no one got killed - but Keaton - Keaton put on the finishing touch. A little "Fuck you" from the five of us to the N.Y.P.D.

The car drives out of the airport. A VAN follows at a distance. *

34 INT. POLICE CAR 34

SERGEANT JIM STRAUSZ, a meaty, imposing looking man in his forties drives the car. Beside him is a thin, greasy looking PATROLMAN, STEVE RIZZI. They are two drivers for New York's Finest Taxi Service.

RIZZI
How was the flight?

Oscar hands Rizzi a thick envelope.

OSCAR
Will that get me to the Pierre?

Rizzi counts the stack of hundred dollar bills in the envelope.

RIZZI
That'll get you to Cape Cod.

The two men laugh. Strausz watches the road, expressionless.

35 EXT. HIGHWAY 35

The cruiser heads towards the heart of Manhattan.

36 EXT. STREET - LATER 36

The police car makes its way down a wide, abandoned street. A WHITE MINIVAN pulls out behind it and heads the same way.

37 INT. POLICE CAR 37

Strausz looks in the rear-view mirror. The white minivan is flashing his high-beams.

STRAUSZ
What the -

RIZZI
LOOK OUT.

Strausz looks in front of him. A green minivan swerves in front of them from out of nowhere. Strausz slams on the brakes and skids to a halt. The white minivan rams them from behind.

Strausz and Rizzi are stunned for a moment as two more vans screech up on either side of the cruiser, boxing it in with only a few inches between them.

The cruiser is surrounded on all sides.

SUDDENLY, SHOTGUN BARRELS come through the open windows. They come to rest, one on Strausz's left temple, one on Rizzi's right. RIZZI looks out of the corner of his eye.

He sees the driver of the van next to him holding the shotgun with one hand. A stocking is over the driver's head.

Strausz looks straight ahead. The minivan in front of them is missing a back window. Another man with a stocking on his head aims a sub-machine gun at them from inside.

By the twisted right hand holding the front of the gun, we know it is Verbal.

Strausz and Rizzi raise their hands without being asked.

38 EXT. STREET 38

The driver of the white van gets out with a gallon jug in one hand and a sledge hammer in the other.

Moving like lightning, he jumps onto the roof of the police car

He stands on the front of the roof and swings the hammer down.

39 INT. POLICE CAR 39

SMASH

The hammer punches three huge holes in the windshield and finally caves it in. Strausz and Rizzi are covered with pebbles of broken glass. Whitehead clutches his bag in the back seat. He trembles in terror.

The man standing on the roof doubles over and sticks a gun in Strausz's face. His face hangs upside down and looks gruesome - covered from the mouth up in a stocking. By the voice, we know it is McManus.

McMANUS
GIVE ME THE SHIT.

STRAUSZ
Give it up.

Oscar hands the suitcase up front and Strausz passes it to McManus.

40 INT. FRONT VAN 40

Through the front windshield of the front van we see Keaton at the wheel. Verbal is behind him leaning out the back window.

Beneath Keaton's stocking mask we see he is trembling and sweating - sickened by what he is doing.

He glances up at the rear-view mirror and looks at the scene outside. He looks down at the floor in shame, shaking his head.

41 INT. POLICE CAR 41

McMANUS
The money.

Strausz looks at Rizzi.

McMANUS (CONT'D)
THE MONEY. LET'S HAVE IT.

Rizzi hands the money through the remains of the windshield.

McManus takes the money and stuffs it in his jacket. He steps back and takes the cap off of the gallon jug. He quickly pours some kind of liquid all over the roof of the car.

STRAUSZ
Do you know who I am?

A hand reaches into the driver's side window and rips Strausz's badge off of his shirt.

Strausz dares to turn his head right at the shotgun pointing at him through the window. On the other end is a masked and smiling Todd Hockney.

HOCKNEY
We do now, Jerk-off.

McManus lights a pack of matches and drops them on the roof of the car as he jumps off. THE LIQUID IGNITES, the roof of the car is instantly in flames.

Strausz and Rizzi attempt to bail out, but the vans are too close for them to open the doors.

The vans pull away.

Strausz and Rizzi escape from the car.

Oscar is trapped inside, SCREAMING.

Strausz and Rizzi stop, each expecting the other to go let Oscar out.

42 EXT. STREET - LATER 42

The scene is swarming with fresh police cars. Strausz and Rizzi are fielding questions from a dozen other cops.

Photographers are everywhere.

VERBAL (V.O.)
The papers got Keaton's call that day and were on the scene before the cops were. Strausz and Rizzi were indicted three days later. Within a few weeks, fifty more cops went down with them. It was beautiful. Everybody got it right in the ass, from the chief on down.

43 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT 43

Hockney, Fenster, McManus and Verbal are all laughing in a secluded garage. They are still in their black clothes from the robbery. Hockney is throwing everyone a can of beer.

Keaton sits off by himself. He watches the others, unable to join in the festivities.

The others sit around a cheap card table. It is covered with emeralds. Dozens of them. Everyone is in awe.

McMANUS
There's more than I thought.

HOCKNEY
When does the fence come?

McMANUS
Redfoot? He never comes to see me. I have to go see him.

VERBAL
In California?

McMANUS
Yeah. It'll take a few days. Me and Fenster -

HOCKNEY
Hold the fuckin' phone. You and Fenster? No, no, no.

McMANUS
Guys, come on.

HOCKNEY
I'm sure you can understand my hesitation.

FENSTER
Then who goes?

HOCKNEY
We all go. How about it, Keaton?

All eyes turn to Keaton. He comes out of his trance.

KEATON
We need to lay low for a while.

McMANUS
Fine with me.

PAUSE

Everyone looks at each other, their moment of distrust blowing over. All eyes drift back to the emeralds on the table.

Hockney begins to snicker, then McManus, then Fenster. Verbal joins in at last.

McManus grabs Verbal and hugs him, shaking him violently.

McMANUS (CONT'D)
My boy with the plan.

SUDDENLY, everyone yells and pours beer over Verbal's head. He laughs as he is drenched in white foam, nearly choking as the others chant his name.

Keaton watches from across the room, trying to smile in vain.

44 SCENE DELETED 44*

45 INT. WAITING ROOM - LAW OFFICE - DAY 45*

Keaton and Verbal sit side by side on a sofa. A sign on the door behind them reads: MONTGOMERY and LaGUARDIA - ATTORNEYS AT LAW. *

VERBAL
We're going to miss the flight.

KEATON
We'll make it.

VERBAL
Don't do this. Send her a card - something.

KEATON
We'll make it.

VOICE (O.S.) *
Ms. Finneran will be with you in a moment. *

Keaton stands and paces across the waiting room. He comes to a set of glass doors and looks through them. *

Keaton realizes he is standing on a balcony overlooking a library below.

He sees Edie working in the library with an old woman. The two women talk for a moment.

SUDDENLY, Keaton turns with a start. Verbal is standing behind him.

VERBAL
We're gonna miss the plane.
(beat)
She'll understand.

Edie is smiling and laughing with the old woman.

Keaton's face is marked with guilt and anguish.

Keaton turns and walks out of the waiting room. Verbal takes one last glance at Edie and turns back to Keaton.

46 INT. LIBRARY 46

Edie seems to sense something behind her. She turns and looks through the glass doors and up into the waiting room.

NOTHING IS THERE. She goes back to chatting with the old woman.

47 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY - LOS ANGELES - PRESENT 47

KUJAN
Heartwarming. Really, I feel weepy.

VERBAL
You wanted to know what happened after the line-up, I'm telling you.

KUJAN
Oh come on, Verbal. Who do you think you're talking to? You really expect me to believe he retired? For a woman? Bullshit. He was using her.

VERBAL
He loved her.

KUJAN
Sure. And I'm supposed to believe that hitting the Taxi Service wasn't his idea either.

VERBAL
That was all Fenster and McManus.

KUJAN
Come on. Keaton was a cop for four years. Who else would know the Taxi Service

KUJAN (cont'd)
better? That job had his name all over it.

VERBAL
You keep trying to lay this whole ride on Keaton. It wasn't like that. Sure he knew, but Edie had him all turned around. I'm telling you straight, I swear.

KUJAN
Let me tell you something. I know Dean Keaton. I've been investigating him for three years. The guy I know is a cold-blooded bastard. I.A.D. indicted him on three counts of murder before he was kicked off the force, so don't sell me the hooker with the heart of gold.

VERBAL
You got him wrong.

KUJAN
Do I? Keaton was under indictment a total of seven times when he was on the force. In every case, witnesses either reversed their testimony to the grand jury or died before they could testify. When they finally did nail him for fraud, he spent five years in Sing Sing. He killed three prisoners inside - one with a knife in the tailbone while he strangled him to death. Of course I can't prove this but I can't prove the best part either.

Kujan pauses to drink some coffee.

KUJAN (CONT'D)
Dean Keaton was dead. Did you know that? He died in a fire two years ago during an investigation into the murder of a witness who was going to testify against him. Two people saw Keaton enter a warehouse he owned just before it went up. They said he had gone in to check a leaking gas main. It blew up and took all of Dean Keaton with it. Within three months of the explosion, the two witnesses were dead, one killed himself in his car and the other fell down an open elevator shaft.

48 SCENE DELETED 48*

49 SCENE DELETED/DIALOGUE MOVED - BOTTOM SCENE 47 49*

50 INT. WORKSHOP 50

Rabin and Louis look at one another as they listen. *

KUJAN (On Speaker)
Six weeks ago I get an anonymous call telling me I can find Keaton eating at Mondino's with his lawyer, and there he is. Now because he never profited from his alleged death and because someone else was convicted for the murder we tried to pin on Keaton, we had to let him go.

51 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE 51

KUJAN (CONT'D)
He was dead just long enough for a murder rap to blow over, then he had lunch.

VERBAL
I don't know about that.

KUJAN
I don't think you do. But you say you saw Keaton die. I think you're covering his ass and he's still out there somewhere. I think he was behind that whole circus in the harbor. My bet is he's using you because you're stupid and you think he's your friend. You tell me he's dead, so be it. I want to make sure he's dead before I go back to New York.

VERBAL
(Blurting)
He wasn't behind anything. It was the lawyer.

KUJAN
What lawyer?

PAUSE

KUJAN (CONT'D)
What lawyer, Verbal?

Verbal stammers for a moment, looking around wildly.

VERBAL
Back when I was in that barber shop quartet in Skokie, Illinois I used to have -

Kujan grabs Verbal's shirt and yanks him half out of his seat.

KUJAN
You think I don't know you held out on the D.A? What did you leave out of that testimony? I can be on the phone to Ruby Deemer in ten minutes.

VERBAL
The D.A. gave me immunity.

KUJAN
NOT FROM ME, YOU PIECE OF SHIT. THERE IS NO IMMUNITY FROM ME. You atone with me or the world you live in becomes the hell you fear in the back of your tiny mind. Every criminal I have put in prison,

KUJAN (cont'd)
every cop who owes me a favor, every creeping scumbag that works the street for a living, will know the name of Verbal Kint. You'll be the lowest sort of rat, the prince of snitches, the loudest cooing stool pigeon that ever grabbed his ankles for the man. Now you talk to me, or that precious immunity they've seen so fit to grant you won't be worth the paper the contract put out on your life is printed on.

Verbal looks at Kujan with utter contempt.

VERBAL
There was a lawyer. Kobayashi.

KUJAN
Is he the one that killed Keaton?

VERBAL
No. But I'm sure Keaton's dead.

KUJAN
Convince me. Tell me every last detail.

52 SCENE DELETED 52

53 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY 53

(<< >> DENOTES LINES SPOKEN IN HUNGARIAN)

Kovash's room is now filled with people. Jack Baer stands next to DANIEL METZHEISER, a balding man in his forties. Next to him is Doctor Plumber. Across from her is Ridgly Walters.

Sitting beside the bed is TRACY FITZGERALD, a casually dressed woman in her late twenties. She holds a 15x20 inch drawing pad on her lap.

Police fill the hall. People are talking loudly outside. LIONEL BODI, a cop in his mid-twenties pushes his way in.

BAER
Are you the translator?

BODI
Patrolman Lionel Bodi, sir.

PLUMBER
Agent Baer, this is getting out of hand.

BAER
I'll see to it we're gone before he blows his porch light, Doctor.

Baer gestures to Tracy.

BAER
(To Bodi)
This is Tracy Fitzgerald. She's a composite sketch artist from county.

The young couple smile at one another nervously.

BODI
Hi.

TRACY
Hi.

METZHEISER
(Impatient)
I've got a noon meeting, Baer.

PLUMBER
Agent Baer, please.

BAER
Everyone calm down.
(To Bodi)
Ask this man about the shoot-out in the harbor.

BODI
<<My name is Bodi. How are you?>>

Kovash smiles with relief when he hears his own language.

KOVASH
<<How am I? You are as stupid as that one, but at least I can talk to you.>>

BODI
<<You'll be alright. He is from the F.B.I. He is here to help you. He wants to know what happened in the harbor.>>

KOVASH
<<We were there to buy a man and take him back to Hungary.>>

BODI
He says they were buying... It doesn't make sense. I'm sorry, I'm a little rusty. They were there to buy something.

BAER
Dope, we know.

KOVASH
<<You don't understand me either? God help me, they are all idiots.
(talking slowly)
We were there to buy a man, you simple boy. A witness. I don't know his name. A witness who knew the Devil.>>

BODI
Not dope. Something else. Some what?.. He doesn't know what they were buying. But not dope... people.

KOVASH
<<I'll tell you everything. I'll even say it slow enough for you to understand it. Just tell this man I want protection. Real protection.>>

METZHEISER
Your witness is whacked, Baer.

BODI
He says he'll tell us everything he knows if we protect him.

BAER
Tell him fine.

BODI
<<He says that is fine.>>

KOVASH
<<No, no, no. I need a guarantee from the ridiculous man. I am going to be killed. I have seen the Devil and looked him in the eye.>>

BODI
No good. He needs guarantees. He says... his life is in danger... He has seen the Devil... looked him in the eye.

METZHEISER
I'll be on my way.

Baer grabs Metzheiser by the arm.

BAER
(To Bodi)
Tell him to tell this man what he was telling me before. Who is the Devil? Who did he see?

BODI
<<Who is this Devil you keep talking about?>>

KOVASH
<<Keyser Söze. He was in the harbor shooting everyone in sight.>>

Metzheiser is suddenly interested.

BODI
He says he saw him in the harbor. He was shooting... Killing... Killing many men.

METZHEISER
Did he say Keyser Söze? He saw Keyser Söze.

BODI
He says he saw him in the harbor. He was shooting... Killing... Killing many men.

METZHEISER
Did he say Keyser Söze? He saw Keyser Söze.

KOVASH
<<Keyser Söze. Keyser Söze. I've seen his face. I see it when I close my eyes.>>

BODI
He says he knows his face. He sees it when he closes his eyes.

METZHEISER
Ask him what this Devil looks like.

BAER
(To Tracy)
Ready?

Tracy holds up her pad and pencil. She nods.

54 EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - DAY - FIVE WEEKS PRIOR 54

VERBAL (V.O.)
McManus' fence was this guy named Redfoot. He had a good reputation around L.A. Seemed like a good guy - Looked like a cowhide full of thumbtacks.

55 EXT. FRIENDSHIP BELL - NIGHT 55*

All five guys stand in a group. It is utterly quiet. *

An old but well kept Cadillac creeps into the lot from the far end and idles up to them. The windows are tinted too much to see in. The car passes within a few feet of them and drives on.

A moment later, a chrome and leather monster of a Harley Davidson pulls into the lot. The rider is dressed in an almost comical array of leather, silver and suede.

He waves to the Caddy as it parks a few yards from Keaton and the others. It sits quietly, almost menacing.

As he gets closer, we can see he is wearing one black boot and one red. Keaton is still looking at them when the bike pulls up to them and stops.

REDFOOT and McManus shake hands.

REDFOOT
How've you been?

McMANUS
Good. You?

REDFOOT
Alright. How's it going, Fenster?

FENSTER
Getting by.

REDFOOT
You got it?

McManus holds up a briefcase.

Redfoot takes it and gets off the bike. He walks over to the Caddy. The door of the Caddy opens. Redfoot hands the case to someone inside that we cannot see. The door closes.

KEATON
(Whispering)
Snazzy dresser this guy.

A moment later, the door of the Caddy opens again. Someone hands Redfoot a different briefcase and he walks back over to McManus.

He hands him the case.

McManus hands the case back to Hockney. Hockney opens it, revealing the stacks of money inside.

REDFOOT
You must be Keaton.

McMANUS
Jesus, I'm sorry. Redfoot, this is Dean Keaton, that's Todd Hockney, and that's Verbal Kint.

REDFOOT
(To Verbal)
The man with the plan.

Verbal smiles.

REDFOOT (CONT'D)
Are you guys interested in more work?

McManus moves to answer, but Keaton cuts him off.

KEATON
We're on vacation.

REDFOOT
I've got a ton of work and no good people.

McMANUS
What's the job?

Keaton shoots McManus a foul look. McManus pretends not to notice.

REDFOOT
A jeweler out of Texas named Saul. He rents a suite at a hotel downtown and does free appraisals. Buys whatever he can. Word is he moves with a lot of cash. I'll take the merchandise, you keep the green.

HOCKNEY
Security?

REDFOOT
Two bodyguards. Pretty good.

McMANUS
Give us time to check it out?

REDFOOT
I'd expect nothing less.

McMANUS
We'll call you.

REDFOOT
Take your time. Enjoy L.A.

KEATON
A friend of mine in New York tells me you knew Spook Hollis.

REDFOOT
I hear you did time with old Spook. Yeah, he was a good egg. I used to run a lot of dope for him. Fuckin' shame he got shivved.

KEATON
I shivved him.

Now McManus is shooting the angry look at Keaton.

KEATON (CONT'D)
Better you hear it from me now than somebody else later.

REDFOOT
Business or personal?

KEATON
A little of both.

REDFOOT
Ain't it a crime? Call if you're interested.

Redfoot fires up his bike and takes off with the Caddy close behind.

McMANUS
(To Keaton)
What's your fucking problem?

KEATON
One job, that was the deal.

McMANUS
Take it as it comes, brother.

KEATON
This is bullshit.

McManus laughs and walks away. Fenster and Hockney follow.

Verbal turns to Keaton.

VERBAL
What is it Keaton?

KEATON
(Distant)
Something - I don't know.
(Shaking himself)
I ever tell you about the restaurant I wanted to open?

Keaton walks off. Verbal follows him in confusion.

VERBAL (V.O.)
L.A. was good for about two hours. We were from New York. There's no place to eat after one; you can't get a pizza that doesn't taste like a fried fruit-bat, and the broads don't want to know you if you don't look like a broad. Within a few days the last of us was ready to go back to N.Y., but Keaton wouldn't have it, so he really didn't have a choice. We went to work.

56 INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT 56

McManus walks along a line of cars. He comes across a black Mercedes and stops. He looks down at the license plate and walks over to the next car, a green Honda. He pulls a slim-jim out of his jacket and pops the lock on the Honda. He reaches in and opens the hood. He walks around and sticks his head in the engine.

57 INT. VAN 57

Verbal sits behind the wheel. Keaton is beside him. Hockney and Fenster are in the back. They all watch McManus from where they are parked a few dozen yards away.

58 INT. PARKING GARAGE 58

DING-DING

The elevator bell sounds at the far end of the garage. The doors open. Two men in ill-fitting suits get out and look around cautiously. The first is TUCCI, a big bellied, white haired menace. The other is HIGHAM, lean and bad skinned. They are bodyguards and give it away by their every careful move.

They turn back to the elevator and motion to someone inside.

Out walks SAUL BERG, a slightly overweight man in his forties with an open collar silk shirt and a thick gold chain on his hairy chest. He carries a LARGE ALUMINUM BRIEFCASE.

He lets his guards do the worrying. He walks straight to his car.

Saul passes McManus under the hood of the Honda. He takes out his keys and pushes a button on his key chain. The Mercedes beeps three times and tells Saul his alarm is off.

Tucci keeps an eye on McManus. Higham watches Saul.

McManus pretends to tinker with the car's engine. He has put a pistol just inside the grill and keeps it within reach. * *

The van on the other side of the garage starts and pulls out of the spot. It cruises over toward the Mercedes.

Tucci sees the van. He and Higham are suddenly busy trying to keep track. They hear laughing behind them and turn around.

FENSTER and HOCKNEY are walking towards them. They are sporting mustaches and sunglasses in addition to matching suits, each with loud plaid sport coats, decades out of style. Saul glances at Tucci and Higham.

HIGHAM
Just get in the car Saul.

Under the hood of the Honda and out of sight, McManus pulls on a black ski mask.

The van gets closer.

HOCKNEY
I get out of the car, and man if the thing wasn't wrecked. And I see this broad in the back seat with nothing on.

Saul gets in the car quickly but calmly as Fenster and Hockney laugh and talk louder. They look drunk - The desired effect.

HOCKNEY (CONT'D)
I'm laughing so hard I can't breathe -

Tucci and Higham try to take it all in stride. Saul's reverse lights come on and he begins to back out of the spot.

HOCKNEY (CONT'D)
...And the fat guy comes out of the car with his pants on backwards and says -

SUDDENLY, the van revs and screeches to a halt behind Saul's Mercedes, blocking him in. Hockney and Fenster drop the drunk act and snap to. They both pull out guns and start screaming.

HOCKNEY (CONT'D)
DON'T MOVE, YOU FUCKERS.

FENSTER
RIGHT THERE. FREEZE.

McManus comes up from under the hood.

Tucci and Higham throw their hands in the air. Hockney and Fenster grab them and reach into their belts to get their guns.

Keaton jumps out of the van and runs up to Saul's car, his face covered in a ski mask. He yanks on the door handle but it is locked. Saul sits in terror behind the wheel. Keaton pulls out a pistol and smashes the window with it.

KEATON
Give me the case.

Saul reaches over for the case. Keaton trains the gun on him.

SUDDENLY, Saul comes up with a pistol and points it at Keaton. Keaton sidesteps and grabs his wrist. The gun goes off into the fender of the Honda..

Hockney and Fenster both look over at the sound of the gun.

Tucci and Higham seize the opportunity. Tucci grabs Hockney, Higham grabs Fenster. The four men grapple for the guns.

Fenster's gun falls to the floor. McManus picks it up. He trains a pistol on each bodyguard and takes a breath. They are some ten feet apart and moving erratically. Hockney and Fenster constantly fall in the line of fire.

McManus walks around the four men, keeping a pistol trained on each of the guards. Finally he comes to an angle where they are all in front of him. One guard is a few feet away, the other is ten feet past him.

McMANUS' P.O.V.

The closer of the two moves in and out of the sights of the pistol in McManus' right hand, the one farther away does the same with the left.

Verbal jumps out of the van and moves towards them to help.

BOOM

Both of McManus' guns go off like one shot. Tucci and Higham collapse, each with a bullet in his head

PAUSE

The only sound is Saul grappling with Keaton for the gun. His arm is halfway out the window. His elbow rests in the door frame.

Keaton cannot get the gun out of his hand. Finally, he pushes down with all his weight. Saul's elbow breaks backwards on the door frame. He screams in agony. The gun falls from his hand.

All five of the men look at each other for an impossibly long moment. The confusion is only aggravated by Saul's screaming.

SLOWLY, Keaton raises his pistol and aims it at Saul. His hand trembles, his eyes squint to near slits. His finger tenses and slacks off over and over again on the trigger.

BOOM

VERBAL SHOOTS SAUL. Keaton looks at him in surprise. Verbal trembles more than he does.

The garage is silent.

HOCKNEY
What the hell?

McMANUS
Bad day. Fuck it.

DING-DING

The elevator light comes on. All five men look.

KEATON
Move.

Keaton reaches into the car and grabs Saul's case. Everyone else piles into the van. Keaton gets in as Verbal is driving for the exit.

59 INT. VAN 59

The mood in the van is grim. Everyone is silent. Keaton pops the clasps on the case and opens it.

KEATON
Son of a bitch.

Everyone looks in the case. It is filled with cash on one side. The other side is filled with clear plastic bags of WHITE POWDER.

60 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 60

Keaton and the others stand in silhouette in front of the lights of an oncoming car in the distance. We can make out McManus loading a gun. *

KEATON *
What are you doing? *

McMANUS
What does it look like? I'm going to kill him.

KEATON
We did it your way. Now I'll deal with him.

MCMANUS
You gonna kill him?

KEATON
I'm going to deal with him.

The car, Redfoot's escort Caddy, is now in front of them. The horn lets out three short blasts.

Redfoot comes around from behind the Caddy on his motorcycle.

He gets off the bike, trying to hide a faint smile.

McManus throws Saul's case on the ground in front of him.

McMANUS
What the fuck is this, Redfoot?

REDFOOT
Get a grip. I didn't know.

KEATON
You didn't know.

REDFOOT
The job got thrown to me by this lawyer.

KEATON
Who is he?

REDFOOT
Some Limey. He's a middle-man for somebody. He doesn't say and I don't ask.

KEATON
We want to meet him.

REDFOOT
He wants to meet you. He called last night and asked me to set it up. What do I tell him?

KEATON
Tell him we'll meet.

McMANUS
If you're lying, Redfoot...

REDFOOT
McManus, you're a real bad-ass, but get off my tip.

McManus lunges for Redfoot.

The Caddy doors instantly pop open and rifle barrels come into view from within.

Fenster and Hockney draw guns and aim at the Caddy.

Keaton and Verbal grab McManus and hold him back.

Redfoot gets on his Harley, smiling defiantly.

REDFOOT (CONT'D)
Real shame about Saul getting whacked. Lot's of cops looking for the guys that did it. I'm sure they'll get around to asking me.

He starts his bike.

McMANUS
Fuck you.

Redfoot drives off. The Caddy waits until he is completely out of sight before following.

61 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT 61

KUJAN
So this lawyer...

VERBAL
Kobayashi.

KUJAN
Came from Redfoot.

VERBAL
Right.

KUJAN
And why leave this out when you talked to the D.A?

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

Rabin sticks his head in.

RABIN
Someone to see you, Agent Kujan.

Kujan steps out into the hall, shutting the door behind him.

62 INT. OUTSIDE RABIN'S OFFICE 62

Kujan smiles instantly, recognizing the man standing with Rabin.

KUJAN
Jack. What are you doing here?

BAER
I've been looking all over for you. You still after the coke that walked out of that blood bath in the harbor?

KUJAN
Yeah.

BAER
You can stop looking. There was no coke. I've been in L.A. county with a guy they

BAER (cont'd)
pulled out of a drainpipe in San Pedro yesterday after the shoot-out. He came to this morning and started talking. He was part of a Hungarian mob there to do a deal with a bunch of gwats from Argentina. He says it was definitely not a dope deal.

KUJAN
There was ninety-one million -

BAER
We know, but our man says no way on the dope. This Hungarian tells me the whole bunch was pulling stumps for Turkey the next day. They had no time to negotiate that kind of product and no means to move it.

KUJAN
What was the money for?

BAER
He didn't know. No one doing the deal knew except a few key people. This guy says they were real hush about it. Whatever it was it was highly sensitive.

KUJAN
I don't get it.

BAER
They tell me you got the cripple from New York in there. He mention Keyser Söze?

KUJAN
Who?

BAER
Bear with me here...

63 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - LATER 63

BOOM - The door bursts open.

KUJAN
Who is Keyser Söze?

Verbal looks up in shock. He drops his cigarette and trembles at the mere mention of the name.

VERBAL
Ahhh fuck.

64 INT. HOLLYWOOD ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY - TWO WEEKS PRIOR 64*

Keaton stands while the rest sit and listen.

KEATON
So I need to know if anyone can think of anybody. Somebody with power. Enough to possibly track us from New York.

McMANUS
Look. We've been over it for an hour now. I say we pack up and run. Let's go back to New York. At least get out of L.A.

SUDDENLY, The sound of a man clearing his throat. *

Everyone turns to the door behind them. *

MR. KOBAYASHI a tall, slim, well groomed man stands in the hall. He has a briefcase in his hand. He smiles politely.

KOBAYASHI
Mr. Keaton?

Keaton stands back and lets him in. Kobayashi looks them over.

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)
I am Mr. Kobayashi. I've been asked by my employer to bring a proposal to you gentlemen. That must be Mr. Hockney. I recognize Mr. Fenster from his mug shot, as well as Mr. McManus.
(To Verbal)
I can only assume that you are Mr. Kint. I believe you were the one who disposed of Saul. My employer sends his gratitude. A most unexpected benefit.

Everyone looks at one another in shock that he would know this.

KEATON
What can we do for you?

KOBAYASHI
My employer requires your services. One job. One day's work. Very dangerous. I don't expect all of you to live, but those who do will have ninety-one million dollars to divide any way they see fit.

KEATON
Who's your boss?

KOBAYASHI
My employer wishes to remain anonymous.

KEATON
Don't jerk me off. We all know what this is. You don't work with me if I work with you without knowing who I'm working for. Now let's cut the shit. Who's the man?

KOBAYASHI
I work for Keyser Söze.

A strange look crosses Keaton's face. Skepticism, mockery and just a hint of fear. Hockney, McManus and Fenster all share similar looks.

KEATON
What is this?

VERBAL
Who's Keyser Söze?

KOBAYASHI
I am sure you've heard a number of tall tales, myths and legends about Mr. Söze. I can assure you gentlemen, most of them are true.

VERBAL
Who's Keyser Söze?

KOBAYASHI
Judging by the sudden change in mood, I am sure the rest of your associates can tell you, Mr. Kint. I have come with an offer directly from Mr. Söze. An order actually.

KEATON
An order.

KOBAYASHI
In nineteen-eighty one, Mr. Keaton, you participated in the hijacking of a truck in Buffalo, New York. The cargo was raw steel. Steel that belonged to Mr. Söze and was destined for Pakistan to be used in a Nuclear reactor. A very profitable violation of U.N. Regulations. You had no way of knowing this, because the man shipping the steel was working for Mr. Söze without his knowledge.
(Beat)
Mr. Fenster and Mr. McManus hijacked a twin-prop cargo flight earlier this year out of Newark airport. The plane was carrying platinum and gold wiring. Also set for Pakistan.

Kobayashi turns and points at Hockney.

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)
Two months ago, Mr. Hockney stole a truck carrying gun parts through Queens -

Everyone looks at Hockney. He smiles shyly. It occurs to them all that he robbed the truck for which they were all arrested in the first place.

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)
- guns allegedly set to be destroyed by the state of New York. They were to be "lost" in a weigh station and routed to Belfast. Again, Mr. Söze using pawns who had no knowledge.
(turning to Verbal)
Which brings us to Mr. Kint.

Verbal crumbles under his stare.

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)
Nine months ago, one of Mr. Söze's less than intelligent couriers was taken in a complicated confidence scam by a cripple. He was relieved of sixty-two thousand dollars. Now -
(To all of them)
- It has taken us some time to find you. Our intention was to approach you after your apprehension in New York.

KEATON
You set up the line-up.

KOBAYASHI
Mr. Söze made a few calls, yes. You were not to be released until I came to see you. It seems Mr. Keaton's attorney, Ms. Finneran, was a bit too effective in expediting his release. Holding the rest of you became a moot point.

KEATON
What about Redfoot?

KOBAYASHI
Mr. Redfoot knew nothing. Mr. Söze rarely works with the same people for very long, and they never know who they're working for. One cannot be betrayed if one has no people.

FENSTER
So why tell us?

KOBAYASHI
Because you have stolen from Mr. Söze. That you did not know you stole from him is the only reason you are still alive, but he feels you owe him. You will repay your debt.

HOCKNEY
Who is this guy? How do we know you work for Söze?

KOBAYASHI
I don't think that is relevant, Mr. Hockney. The five of you are responsible for the murder of Saul Berg and his bodyguards. Mr. Redfoot can attest to your involvement, and we can see to it that he will. He is not of your "superior" breed.

McMANUS
This is a load of shit.

KOBAYASHI
The offer is this, gentlemen. Mr. Söze's primary interest, as I am sure you all know, is narcotics. He's been - competing shall we say, with a group of

KOBAYASHI (cont'd)
Argentinians for several years. Competing with Mr. Söze has taken its toll. These Argentinians are negotiating the sale of ninety-one million dollars in cocaine in three days time. Needless to say, this purchase will revitalize the diminishing strength of their organization. Mr. Söze wants you to stop the deal. If you choose, you may wait until the buy. Whatever money changes hands is yours. The transaction will take place on a boat in San Pedro. Mr. Söze wants you to get to the boat and destroy the cocaine on board. Then you are free of your obligation to Mr. Söze.

KEATON
Give me one good reason why I shouldn't kill you right now.

Kobayashi smiles and puts his briefcase on the table in front of him.

KOBAYASHI
A gift from Mr. Söze, gentlemen.

He turns and walks out of the room.

Keaton walks over to the case and opens it. He reaches in and pulls out five thick manila envelopes, each marked in bold black letters. "KEATON", "McMANUS", "HOCKNEY", "FENSTER" and "KINT".

Keaton pulls out the files, revealing a map underneath.

Keaton hands each man his file. He opens his first. He pulls out a thick stack of papers and thumbs through them.

KEATON
Jesus Christ. Open them.

All of the men open their files. Inside are mug shots of each man in his respective file as well as a printout of his criminal record. But there is more.

HOCKNEY
They know everything.

McMANUS
This is my life in here. Everything I've done since I was eighteen.

FENSTER
Everybody I ever worked with, did time with.

HOCKNEY
They fucking know everything.

Keaton pulls out a large black and white photograph of himself and his lawyer EDIE FINNERAN. They are laughing arm in arm by a fountain in New York. He hides the photo from the others.

KEATON
This is not right.

FENSTER
I don't know. Who was that guy that used to talk about Söze in New York?

McMANUS
Bricks Marlin.

FENSTER
Yeah. He said he did jobs for him. Indirect stuff. Always five times more money than the job was worth.

KEATON
Come on. The guy is a pipe dream. This Kobayashi is using him for window dressing.

FENSTER
I don't know. This is bad.

HOCKNEY
It's bullshit. This guy could be L.A.P.D. I think it's a setup.

FENSTER
The way I hear it, Söze is some kind of butcher. No pity.

KEATON
There is no Keyser Söze.

Verbal thumbs through his file. A long list of names, numbers, addresses. It is a detailed portfolio of his entire criminal and personal life. He looks up at Keaton.

VERBAL
Who is Keyser Söze?

65 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT 65

Kujan leans into Verbal's face. He hangs on his every word.

VERBAL
He is supposed to be Turkish. Some say his father was German. Nobody believed he was real. Nobody ever saw him or knew anybody that ever worked directly for him, but to hear Kobayashi tell it, anybody could have worked for Söze. You never knew. That was his power. The greatest trick the Devil ever pulled was convincing the world he didn't exist. One story the guys told me - the story I believe - was from his days in Turkey. There was a petty gang of Hungarians that wanted their own mob. They realized that to be in power you didn't need guns or money or even numbers. You just needed the will to do what the other guy wouldn't. After a while they come to power, and then they come after Söze. He was small time then, just running dope, they say...

66 SCENE DELETED 66*

67 INT. SOZE'S HOME - DAY 67*

Three of the Hungarians come bursting into Keyser Söze's home. They grab his five children and round them up in the front room. One of the men grabs his wife and back-hands her across the face.

VERBAL (V.O.)
They come to his home in the afternoon looking for his business. They find his wife and kids in the house and decide to wait for Söze.

68 INT. SOZE'S HOME - LATER 68*

The front door opens and in walks Keyser Söze. We are never allowed to see his face.

Söze's wife lies in the corner, beaten and bruised. Her dress is tattered to shreds. She cannot look up at her husband.

The three Hungarians stand to greet him. Two hold guns in their hands. The third holds a straight razor. He grabs Söze's youngest boy and holds the razor to his throat.

VERBAL (V.O.)
He comes home to his wife raped and his children screaming. The Hungarians knew Söze was tough. Not to be trifled with. So they let him know they meant business.

The Hungarian smiles. Söze's wife SCREAMS IN HORROR.

The Hungarian holds up a BLOOD SOAKED RAZOR.

SUDDENLY, he grabs another child. A little girl no older than six.

VERBAL (V.O.)
They tell Söze they want his territory - all his business. Söze looks over the faces of his family... Then he showed these men of will what will really was.

SUDDENLY, Söze pulls out a pistol and shoots the two men with guns. He turns and aims at the third man holding his child.

The man threatens to cut the child's throat, slicing just enough to draw blood.

SOZE FIRES.

The stunned Hungarian watches the child fall from his arms.

Söze turns the pistol on the next child, then the next and the next. He kills his children one by one in front of the Hungarian.

VERBAL (V.O.)
He tells him he would rather see his family dead than live another day after this.

Söze walks over to his wife, crying and beaten on the floor and holds up her head. She gives him the strangest look. One of trust perhaps, saturated with fear and humiliation.

He puts the gun between her eyes and fires.

VERBAL (V.O.)
He lets the last Hungarian go, and he goes running. He waits until his wife and kids are in the ground and he goes after the rest of the mob. He kills their kids, he kills their wives, he kills their parents and their parents' friends.

A dark and looming figure of a man walks in front of a wall of fire - a black shadow blurred by waves of heat.

VERBAL (V.O.)
He burns down the houses they live in and the stores they work in, he kills people that owe them money. And like that he was gone. Underground. No one has ever seen him again. He becomes a myth, a spook story that criminals tell their kids at night. If you rat on your pop, Keyser Söze will get you. And nobody really ever believes.

69 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY 69

KUJAN
Do you believe in him, Verbal?

VERBAL
Keaton always said: "I don't believe in God, but I'm afraid of him." Well I believe in God, and the only thing that scares me is Keyser Söze.

70 INT. WORKSHOP 70

Jack Baer and Rabin listen to Verbal on the speaker with one ear. *

RABIN *
You give this any weight, Agent Baer?

BAER
I can introduce you to Dan Metzheiser from Justice. He has a file on Söze in D.C. It's been a hobby of his for a few years. A lot of guys equate him to that reporter on the Incredible Hulk.

RABIN
Had you heard of him before?

BAER
On the street? A few times. Outside stuff. Somebody was working for a guy who was working for a guy who got money through Keyser Söze. That kind of shit. Could be an old badge. A hex sign to keep people from fucking with you back when a name meant something.

RABIN
But you're here.

BAER
Shit yeah. I got a guy trying to walk out of the hospital on a fried drumstick to get away from Söze. I'll run it up the flagpole.

71 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE 71

VERBAL
I came clean. I told it like it happened on the boat. So what if I left out how I got there? It's got so many holes in it, the D.A. would've told me to blow amnesty out my ass. So you got what you wanted out of me. Big fucking deal.

KUJAN
And this is why you never told the D.A.

VERBAL
You tell me, Agent Kujan. If I told you the Loch Ness Monster hired me to hit the harbor, what would you say?

KUJAN
Turn state's evidence. Take the stand on this and we'll hear it out.

VERBAL
I've got immunity now. What can you possibly offer me?

KUJAN
If there is a Keyser Söze, he'll be looking for you.

VERBAL
Where's your head, Agent Kujan? Where do you think the pressure's coming from? Keyser Söze - or whatever you want to call him - knows where I am right now. He's got the front burner under your ass to let me go so he can scoop me up ten minutes later. Immunity was just to deal with you assholes. I got a whole new problem when I post bail.

KUJAN
So why play into his hands? We can protect you.

VERBAL
Gee, thanks, Dave. Bang-up job so far. Extortion, coercion. You'll pardon me if I ask you to kiss my pucker. The same fuckers that rounded us up and sank us into this mess are telling me they'll bail me out? Fuck you. You think you can catch Keyser Söze? You think a guy like that comes this close to getting fingered and sticks his head out? If he comes up for anything, it will be to get rid of me.

(beat)
After that, my guess is you'll never hear from him again.

72 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY 72

Doctor Plumber watches from out in the hall.

Kovash spits out a constant river of Hungarian while Bodi tries to keep up, relaying everything to Tracy Fitzgerald.

She sketches frantically while Daniel Metzheiser looks on.

The composite sketch of Keyser Söze is taking form.

(<< >> **Denotes lines spoken in Hungarian.**)

BODI
<<What sort of nose did he have?>>

KOVASH
<<It was smaller than that. Sharper.>>

BODI
(To Tracy)
The nose is sharper. Smaller too.
(To Arkosh in Hung.)
<<And what about the hair? You said something earlier about it.>>

KOVASH
<<It is longer than that. And not so dark.>>

BODI
<<Are you sure?>>

KOVASH
<<Don't be stupid.>>

BODI
(To Tracy)
He says the hair is longer and lighter.

73 EXT. BEACH - DAY 73

Waves pound across a stone jetty. A MAN sits fishing while his young son, BRANDO strolls toward the open sea. He pokes at rocks and seaweed with a fishing pole. He glances down at something wedged between the rocks beneath his feet. He pokes at it. He notes the checkered pattern of the fabric entwined with the twisted mess. It is the bloated carcass of THE MAN IN THE CHECKERED BATHROBE. BRANDO pokes it's eye with the fishing pole. It pops.

74 SCENE DELETED/DIALOUGE MOVED 74*

75 INT RABIN'S OFFICE 75

VERBAL *
That was how I ended up in a barber shop *
quartet in Skokie, Illinois. *

KUJAN
This is totally irrelevant.

VERBAL
Ohh, but it's not. If I hadn't been nailed in Illinois for running a three card monte in between sets, I never would have took off for New York. I never would have met Keaton, see. That barber shop quartet was the reason for everything.

KUJAN
Can we just get back to Kobayashi?

VERBAL
The quartet is part of the bit about Kobayashi. The quartet was in my file, along with every other thing I had done since high school, see? Aliases, middle-men. They knew me better than I did. They knew all of us.

Kujan looks at his watch.

KUJAN
You're stalling, Verbal.

VERBAL
Give a guy a break, huh?

KUJAN
What happened?

Verbal slumps a bit. He realizes his stalling tactic has failed.

VERBAL
We woke up the next morning and Fenster was gone. He couldn't handle the idea of slumming for Söze. He left a note wishing us good luck and took a chunk of the money we'd scraped together.

KUJAN
Then what?

VERBAL
McManus was furious. He was talking about tracking him down and ripping his heart out and all sorts of shit. That night we got the call.

KUJAN
What call?

VERBAL
Kobayashi told us where we could find Fenster.

76 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - TWO WEEKS PRIOR 76

Keaton looks out over the ocean and smokes a cigarette.

KEATON
What do you want to do with him?

McManus kneels in the sand. Hockney and Verbal stand behind him, staring at something in front of them.

It is the body of Fred Fenster, literally peppered with bullet holes. McManus stares at him, fighting any flicker of emotion.

McMANUS
I worked five years with Fenster. More jobs, more money than I can count.

KEATON
I'm sorry, McManus.

McMANUS
I want to bury him.

KEATON
No time.

McManus springs to his feet and points a pistol at Keaton. Keaton turns to face him and raises his head. McManus might as well be pointing a feather-duster.

McMANUS
YOU WILL FIND TIME. You're not the only one with debts, man.

KEATON
No shovel.

McMANUS
WITH OUR HANDS.

77 EXT. BEACH 77*

Everyone digs in the sand on the deserted beach with their hands. They are up to their waists in the hole they have scooped out. Fenster's body is a few feet away.

HOCKNEY
This is nuts.

McMANUS
Dig.

HOCKNEY
This is fucking dry sand, man. When he rots, the surfers'll smell him from a hundred yards out.

McMANUS
DIG, YOU FUCKER.

Hockney can see that McManus has truly gone over the edge for now. Keaton gives him a look that says don't argue.

HOCKNEY
Keaton, we gotta go. They're gonna find him.

KEATON
Dig.

VERBAL
What are we gonna do?

HOCKNEY
I can run. I got no problem with that.

KEATON
They don't seem to have a problem with it either.

McMANUS
Nobody runs.

HOCKNEY
This ain't my boy we're burying. I don't owe anybody.

McMANUS
We got a deal here.

HOCKNEY
Since when?

McMANUS
Since tonight.

HOCKNEY
Fuck that.

McMANUS
It's payback.

KEATON
IT'S NOT PAYBACK. I don't answer to you. It's precaution. You want payback? You want to run? I don't care. I'm going to finish this thing. Not for Fenster, not for anybody else, but for me. This Kobayashi cocksucker isn't going to stand over me.
(Beat)
All of you can go to hell.

Keaton turns and digs furiously with both hands. Hockney takes a moment and slowly starts to do the same.

The four men dig for Fenster. The first to find some rest.

78 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT 78

Verbal smokes with his good hand shaking badly.

KUJAN
And after they killed Fenster, nobody would run?

VERBAL
I wanted to. I thought we could make it.

KUJAN
Why didn't you say anything?

VERBAL
I tried, believe me, but Keaton wouldn't have it. It was too far-fetched for him. Keaton was a grounded guy. An ex-cop. To a cop, the explanation is never that complicated. It's always simple. There's

VERBAL (cont'd)
no mystery on the street, no arch-criminal behind it all. If you got a dead guy and you think his brother did it, you're going to find out you're right. Nobody argued with Keaton. They just set their minds on whacking Kobayashi.

79 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - TWO WEEKS PRIOR 79

Redfoot's Harley rests on the roof of the Caddy in a mangled heap. The body of the Caddy is riddled with bullet holes.

Redfoot's dead body has been shoved head-first through a hole in the windshield up to his waist, recognizable only by the trademark red boot.

80 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY 80

Kobayashi walks through the front door of a plush office tower followed by two bodyguards. He heads toward the elevator, failing to notice Hockney a few feet away, reading a newspaper.

We see a wire running from Hockney's ear to his collar.

HOCKNEY
He's coming up.

81 INT. HALLWAY - FORTIETH FLOOR 81

Keaton, McManus and Verbal stand by the six elevators on the fortieth floor. They are all wearing khaki overalls and tool belts with walkie-talkies. They look like servicemen.

All of the elevators have been propped open and stranded.

McManus moves into one of the elevators. As the doors close behind him, he scrambles for the ceiling hatch. *

82 SCENE DELETED 82*

83 SCENE DELETED 83*

84 SCENE DELETED 84*

85 SCENE DELETED 85*

86 INT. HALLWAY 86*

Keaton and Verbal listen for anything on the radio. *

87 SCENE DELETED 87*

88 SCENE DELETED 88*

89 INT. LOBBY 89*

The elevator opens. Kobayashi and his bodyguards get on the elevator. *

90 INT. ELEVATOR 90

The elevator is empty except for the three men. McManus has vanished. Kobayashi presses a button and they are on the way.

SUDDENLY, the ceiling hatch opens and McManus' arm comes out.

POP - POP. Two shots from a suppressed pistol and the guards drop to the floor, DEAD.

Kobayashi looks up with surprising calm into McManus' barrel.

McManus
Press forty.

91 INT. HALLWAY - FORTIETH FLOOR 91

The elevator opens and Kobayashi is greeted by Keaton and Verbal. McManus drops from the ceiling hatch and pushes him out.

Verbal and McManus grab the dead bodies and drag them out of the elevator. They drag them to the next elevator which has been forced open, revealing an empty shaft.

KEATON
The answer is no.

KOBAYASHI
Mr. Söze will be most -

KEATON
Listen to me, cocksucker. There is no Keyser Söze. If you say his name again, I'll kill you right here.

KOBAYASHI
A strange threat. I can only assume you're here to kill me anyway. Pity about Mr. Redfoot.

McMANUS
Fair trade for Fenster.

The elevator opens and Hockney steps out.

KOBAYASHI
Ahh, Mr. Hockney. Do join us.

KEATON
We know you can get to us, and now you know we can get to you. I'm offering you the chance to call this off.

KOBAYASHI
Mr. Sö- My employer has made up his mind. He does not change it.

KEATON
Neither do we.

McMANUS
You got Fenster, you may get more, but you won't get us all. Not before one of us gets to you.

KOBAYASHI
I believe you, Mr. McManus. I quite sincerely do. You would not have been chosen if you were not so capable, but I cannot make this decision. Whatever you can threaten me with is... ludicrous in comparison to what will be done to me if I do not carry out my orders in full.

McMANUS
Just so you know. I'm the guy. I'm the one that's gonna get through to you.

KOBAYASHI
I am sorry, Mr. McManus.
(To Keaton)
I implore you to believe me, Mr. Keaton. Mr. Söze is very real and very determined.

KEATON
We'll see.

McManus holds a pistol to Kobayashi's chin. The lawyer's cool eyes never falter.

KOBAYASHI
Before you do me in, you will let me finish my business with Ms. Finneran first, won't you?

SUDDENLY, Keaton grabs McManus' hand and pulls the gun away before he can shoot.

KEATON
What did you say?

KOBAYASHI
Edie Finneran. She is upstairs in my office for an extradition deposition. I requested she be put on the case personally. She flew out yesterday.

Everyone looks at Keaton.

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)
No matter. Kill away, Mr. McManus.

KEATON
You're lying.

KOBAYASHI
Am I?

92 INT. HALLWAY - FIFTIETH FLOOR 92

Everyone follows Kobayashi quietly down a dimly lit, oak-lined hallway. Verbal holds a small pistol discreetly in the small of Kobayashi's back.

They come to a glass office foyer. Kobayashi gestures and everyone looks through the glass into the lobby beyond.

EDIE FINNERAN is talking casually with the receptionist.

93 INT. LOBBY 93

Edie glances toward the men in the hall.

Keaton turns quickly on his heels, facing the others. From where Edie stands, it looks as though Kobayashi is talking to a group of harmless maintenance men.

They see A LARGE MAN dressed very much like the two dead bodies left in the hall downstairs. The man notices Kobayashi and the others. He stands and stares menacingly.

KOBAYASHI
Ms. Finneran's escort in Los Angeles. Never leaves her for a moment. I thought you'd like to know she was in good hands.

Keaton's mind races for an alternative. He can find none.

Verbal lowers his gun without being told.

KOBAYASHI (CONT'D)
Get your rest, Gentlemen. The boat will be ready for you on Friday. If I see you or your friends before then, or fail to check in every half hour with that unpleasant looking man in there, Ms. Finneran will find herself the victim of a gruesome violation before she dies. As will your father, Mr. Hockney. and your Uncle Randall in Arizona, Mr. Kint. I might only castrate Mr. McManus' nephew, David. Do I make myself clear?

All of the men surround Kobayashi, aching to kill him.

KOBAYASHI
I'll take care of the dead men downstairs. We'll add them to the cost of Mr. Fenster. Now if you'll excuse me.

Kobayashi walks into the office. Edie turns to greet him.

Keaton slowly turns and watches as they shake hands and talk.

Kobayashi says something they cannot hear and Edie laughs, her back to the window.

Kobayashi smiles over her shoulder at Keaton.

All the while, the bodyguard watches Keaton. He nods politely before Keaton and the others leave. Verbal watches for a moment more and follows.

94 EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - DAY 94*

Keaton, Verbal, Hockney and McManus sit in a rented sedan overlooking San Pedro harbor. *

Another file from Kobayashi's briefcase is laid out on the dashboard. This has a map and a good fifty pages of information in it. *

KEATON
It's a logistical nightmare. Close quarters, no advance layout, ten men, maybe twenty.

HOCKNEY
Can we stealth these guys?

KEATON
Doubtful. With all that coke, they'll be ready - which brings me to sunny spot number two. Even if one of us gets through and jacks the boat, we get nothing.

McMANUS
And if we wait for the money?

KEATON
Ten more men at least. In my opinion, it can't be done. Anyone who walks into this won't come out alive.

McMANUS
I'm for waiting for the money.

HOCKNEY
Me too.

VERBAL
Did you hear what he just said?

HOCKNEY
If I'm going in, I want a stake.

McMANUS
So do I.

Verbal is shocked by what he is hearing. He looks at Keaton as if to ask him for his decision.

Keaton's cold stare is all the answer Verbal needs. He slumps in his seat, resigned to the others.

VERBAL
I just can't believe we're just gonna walk into certain death.

PAUSE

They all suddenly realize the weight of their situation.

FINALLY:

McMANUS
News said it's raining in New York.

No one knows quite how to respond.

95 EXT. PIER - SAN PEDRO - NIGHT 95

A large boat, sleek and yacht-like, but without finesse. This is a boat for business - heavy and fast. It is moored to the pier.

A large crane hoists a pallet of fuel drums from the dock. It swings slowly over the boat. A man on the dock yells in Spanish to the crane operator.

96 EXT. BOATHOUSE 96

Behind an old and weathered boat in dry-dock, Keaton and Verbal watch the boat from the shadows.

VERBAL
What are they speaking?

KEATON
Russian, I think. I don't know.

VERBAL
Hungarian?

KEATON
Knock it off.

DOLLY OVER TO REVEAL:

McManus climbing up the side of the boathouse.

CONTINUE PAST HIM TO REVEAL:

A large boat. A very large boat.

97 EXT. BARGE 97*

Hockney maneuvers through a mesh of twisted steel, arriving at a vantage point near the stern of the large boat.

HOCKNEY'S P.O.V.

A black van pulls up and parks near the crane. Four men in suits get out. One remains with the van and the other three walk toward the boat.

On the boat, five men come up from below deck. They are tense and cautious around the men in suits. Someone speaks in Spanish and someone else in Russian. It takes a moment before anyone speaks the same tongue. They settle on French for both negotiators.

Hockney sits in the van. He handles a large shoulder bag stuffed with plastique. He tests a timer on top.

He picks up a walkie-talkie.

HOCKNEY
Are we ready, kids?

98 SCENE DELETED 98*

99 SCENE DELETED/MOVED TO BOTTOM SCENE 97 99*

100 EXT. BOATHOUSE - ROOF 100*

McManus is positioning himself on the roof of the boathouse. He stops and grabs his radio.

McMANUS
If I didn't have to stop and answer you, I would be.

101 EXT. BOATHOUSE 101*

KEATON
(into radio)
Everyone shut up. I'm ready. McManus, you better be set up in ten seconds.

McMANUS
(On radio)
I'm there.

KEATON
(To Verbal)
I want you to stay here. Understand?

VERBAL
But I'm supposed to -

KEATON
If we don't make it out, I want you to take the money and go.

VERBAL
(Confused)
Keaton, I can't just -

KEATON
I want you to find Edie. Both of you find some place safe. Tell her what happened - Everything. She knows people. She'll know what to do. If we can't get Kobayashi my way, she'll get him her way.

VERBAL
What if I -

KEATON
Just do what I tell you.

Keaton turns and takes a few steps. He stops and looks back, his face marked with guilt and agony.

KEATON (CONT'D)
Tell her I... Tell her I tried.

Keaton leaves before Verbal can respond. He walks down a ramp toward the boat.

He is no more than a few yards out of the shadows before the first man sees him.

102 EXT. DOCK 102*

One of the men in suits starts to yell to the others. Men pull out guns and try to look as cool as they can.

Keaton walks right into the face of all of these men, undaunted. His hands are in his pockets.

Above him, in the darkness, McManus pokes his head out and

spies Keaton. He pulls his head back and sticks out the barrel of the rifle.

Keaton comes to a stop about twenty feet from fifteen men all together.

103 EXT. BOATHOUSE - ROOF 103*

McMANUS'S P.O.V.

McManus stares through the scope of his rifle at the scene. The cross-hairs breeze past Keaton and find a target. A man in a suit.

McMANUS
Pow.

He moves to another and then another, picking up speed and mock-shooting the men. He is steady and quick. It is clear he could take all fifteen in a few seconds.

McMANUS (CONT'D)
Pow-pow-pow-pow-pow-pow. Oswald was a fag.

104 EXT. DOCK 104*

The men shout questions at Keaton in a number of languages.

105 EXT. BARGE 105*

HOCKNEY'S P.O.V.

A few men standing on the dock near the stern of the large boat, move towards the commotion.

Hockney bails out and runs quickly and quietly through the shadows, bringing the bomb with him.

106 EXT. BOATHOUSE 106*

Verbal remains in the darkness, looking frightened.

107 INT. BOATHOUSE - ROOF 107*

McManus still wanders with his scope.

McMANUS
Old McDonald had a farm, ee-aye, ee-aye, ohh. And on this farm he shot some guys. Ba-da-bip, ba-da-bing, bang-boom.

108 EXT. DOCK 108*

Finally two men walk right towards Keaton. The rest train guns on him. They reach for his arms, pointing their guns right at him.

At the far end of the dock, Hockney throws his bomb onto the stern of the large boat.

IT EXPLODES

The men surrounding Keaton, are distracted.

Keaton pulls a pistol out of each pocket and shoots the two men closest to him.

109 EXT. BOATHOUSE - ROOF 109*

McMANUS
ELVIS HAS LEFT THE BUILDING.

He fires as fast as he can.

110 EXT. PIER 110

The men from the boat and the men in suits try to peg Keaton, but McManus' sniping has them running.

111 INT. CRANE 111

The crane operator opens the door to bails out, leaving the crane in motion.

112 EXT. BOATHOUSE - ROOF 112*

McManus runs across the roof of the boathouse and jumps down to the pier. He arrives at a thick mooring cable and climbs across to the boat.

MEANWHILE ON THE DOCK:

Keaton climbs up onto a small lifeboat hanging from the side of the larger boat. From this he climbs aboard the large boat.

113 EXT. DOCK 113*

Hockney is firing in all directions. *

SUDDENLY, he realizes no one is left on the dock. *

PAUSE *

FINALLY, he turns and runs back for the van parked on the pier above. He finds a ramp leading from the dock to the pier. * * *

At the van, he finds the one man who has stayed behind to protect it. * *

The man hears Hockney coming and raises his gun. Hockney runs straight at him, screaming frantically. * *

HOCKNEY *
(In Spanish) *
<<DON'T SHOOT, DON'T SHOOT. LET'S GET THE * FUCK OUT OF HERE. EVERYONE IS DEAD.>> *

BOOM *

He shoots the man point blank in the face and runs over his body as it falls. *

He gets to the back door of the van and yanks it open.

The inside is stacked with large wooden crates.

114 INT. VAN 114

Hockney, suddenly oblivious to the sound of gunfire, opens one of the crates and looks inside. *

IT IS FILLED WITH MONEY. Cash and negotiable bonds of all kinds.

He smiles.

BOOM

BLOOD sprays all over the money. Hockney looks at it, puzzled.

Hockney raises a blood-soaked hand from his belly. *

He turns and stares in horror. *

BOOM - Another shot takes off the top of his head.

115 EXT. PIER 115

McManus runs like a wild man across the deck, heading for the hatch.

He shoots in all directions as though he has eyes in the back of his head. He sees Keaton climbing onto the deck of the boat.

116 EXT. WAREHOUSE 116

Verbal is wrestling with what to do. He finally makes a break for the other side of the boathouse. *

117 EXT. BOAT DECK 117*

The crane continues to swing. *

A single bullet hits one of the barrels on the suspended pallet.

Gasoline pours out through the bullet-hole.

118 SCENE DELETED 118*

119 EXT. BOAT 119

Keaton finds the hatch and goes below, shooting a man on his way up the stairs. McManus jumps on board and runs down behind him.

120 EXT. PIER 120*

Verbal arrives at the top of the ramp leading from the dock to the pier. *

He ducks down behind a guardrail beside the ramp. *

He turns and sees Hockney's dead body next to the van. *

He looks around frantically, frozen in terror. *

It is quiet, except for the sounds of screaming, far off in the bowels of the boat and the hum of the crane. *

121 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT 121

KUJAN
Why didn't you run?

VERBAL
I froze up. I thought about Fenster and how he looked when we buried him, then I thought about Keaton. It looked like he might pull it off.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Rabin steps in and motions for Kujan to come outside.

122 INT.HALLWAY 122*

Rabin and Jack Baer are in the hall. Rabin hands Kujan a thick manila folder. Kujan thumbs through it. *

BAER *
A boy came across a body on the beach this morning. Thrown clear when the boat burned. Shot once in the head. Two guys from the F.B.I. just identified him. *

KUJAN
And?

RABIN *
His name was Arturo Marquez. A petty smuggler out of Argentina. He was arrested in New York last year for trafficking. He escaped to California and got picked up in Long Beach. They were setting up his extradition when he escaped again. Get this - Edie Finneran was called in to advise the proceedings.

KUJAN
Kobayashi.

Bear nods. *

RABIN
I called New York County and they faxed me a copy of Marquez's testimony. He was a rat.

Kujan pulls out page after page from the file.

KUJAN
A big fucking rat.

RABIN
Arturo was strongly opposed to going back to prison. So much so that he informed on close to fifty guys. Guess who he names for a finale?

Kujan finds one sheet and notices a paragraph is highlighted.

KUJAN
Keyser Söze.

BAER
There's more.

123 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 123

Kujan walks in and sits down in front of Verbal. He smiles.

KUJAN
I'll tell you what I know. Stop me when it sounds familiar.

Verbal is confused.

KUJAN
There was no dope on that boat.

124 INT. BOAT - NIGHT - ONE WEEK PRIOR 124

Keaton is weaving through tight, low-ceiling corridors, looking in every cabin, working his way towards the bottom of the boat.

ELSEWHERE IN THE BOAT, McManus is tearing though the corridors, seemingly less interested in securing the cargo as he is in killing everyone on board.

He screams like a lunatic, shooting everything in his path, killing some men with his bare hands, shooting others, stabbing others still with a knife he has brought along.

125 INT. CORRIDOR 125

JAIME, one of the men from the boat, is half-pushing, half-helping a thin and sweaty looking MAN IN A CHECKERED BATHROBE towards a cabin at the end of the hall.

The man in the robe is trembling. He seems stricken with fear.

MAN IN ROBE
He's here. I saw him on deck.

Jaime pushes him inside the cabin and shuts the door.

A stereo playing softly in the room mixes with the man's panicked breathing.

The man in the robe screams through the closed door, his voice echoing off of the metal bulkheads.

MAN IN ROBE
(CONT'D)
I'M TELLING YOU IT'S KEYSER SOZE.

Jaime stands outside the door of the cabin and turns to face down the hall. Off in some other part of the boat, he can hear McManus wailing like a banshee and the ever-less frequent sound of gunshots.

126 INT. HOLD 126

Keaton has come to the four-foot-high door to the hold. The door is open slightly. Keaton finds this strange. He pushes the door open and steps inside. The hold is empty.

He hears a noise behind him. He wheels around to fire. He sees McManus in the door. His face is covered with blood.

McMANUS
Did you hear what I heard?

KEATON
What happened to you?

McMANUS
Keyser Söze is on the boat.

KEATON
What?

McMANUS
I heard somebody screaming his nuts off.
He said Keyser Söze was on the boat.

KEATON
Are you alright?

McManus rubs some of the blood off with his sleeve.

McMANUS
Huh? Oh, It's not mine.

KEATON
There's no coke.

McManus looks around the hold as though he'll see four and a half tons of dope in some corner where Keaton might have missed it.

The two men look at one another. There is a long, pregnant silence.

McMANUS
Let's get the fuck out of here.

KEATON
Right behind you.

127 INT. CORRIDOR 127

Keaton and McManus step out of the hold, walking slowly and cautiously back from where they came. They hear the sounds of footsteps running on the deck above and the occasional hollered sentence in Spanish.

KEATON
Where's Hockney?

McMANUS
I don't think he made it to the boat.

They come to a corner. They can go left or right.

KEATON
I can't remember which way.

McMANUS
Right -

BOOM - BOOM

Gunshots fill the hallway from behind them. They do not stop to turn around. Keaton goes left, McManus goes right. They run in opposite directions with the sound of gunfire right behind them.

128 INT. HALLWAY - CABIN 128

Jaime squints and cocks his head.

SOMEONE IS COMING. He raises a pistol and crouches by the door.

129 INT. CABIN 129

The man in the bathrobe sits on the foot of the bed watching the door. He hears the sounds of fighting somewhere not too far away.

He crawls over the bed and squeezes between it and the bulkhead. Only the top of his head is visible. He starts to cry.

BOOM - BOOM - Two shots just outside in the hall.

SUDDENLY, the door bursts open. Jaime collapses in a heap on the floor, a bullet hole in his eye.

A FIGURE LOOMS IN THE DOOR

The man in the bathrobe looks up at the figure. We cannot see him.

MAN IN ROBE
I told them nothing.

BOOM

The man in the robe falls dead.

130 EXT. DECK - MOMENTS LATER 130

The boat is quiet now. Keaton walks out onto the deck.

He looks out over the pier and sees Verbal standing in the middle of the carnage, frozen. Their eyes meet. Keaton waves at him as if to shoo him away.

131 EXT. PIER - TOP OF RAMP 131

Verbal hesitates and finally moves towards the van with the money. He looks back over his shoulder and sees Keaton. Keaton sees him looking and waves again, hurrying him along. *

Verbal turns away and focuses on the van.

132 EXT. DECK 132

Keaton hears a noise behind him. He swings around and points his gun at McManus again. He puts the gun down.

McManus smiles. He walks slowly across the deck towards Keaton. Something is not right about him.

McMANUS
Strangest thing...

He slumps to the deck. Keaton rushes over to him. He kneels down and sees a pipe sticking out of the back of McManus's neck.

133 EXT. PIER 133*

Verbal approaches the van, stepping over Hockney's body. He closes the back doors of the van. *

He looks to his left at the huge loading crane. He glances upward along the giant arm as it swings steadily on. *

Somewhere, off in the distance, the sound of SIRENS can be heard.

134 EXT. DECK 134

Keaton kneels by McManus, trembling with rage. After a moment he stands, looking down at McManus' dead body.

135 EXT. PIER 135

SUDDENLY, Verbal realizes something. He turns and goes to call out a warning to Keaton. He is too late.

136 EXT. DECK 136

Keaton never sees the crane coming.

WHAM

The pallet of barrels hits him square in the back and sends him flying into the wheel house of the boat.

Keaton is still for a moment. Finally, he tries to get up, but finds he cannot move his legs. *

137 EXT. PIER 137

Verbal runs down the ramp as fast as he can. He comes to a rope ladder hanging down the side of the boat. *

SUDDENLY, he stops dead in his tracks, looking up at the boat.

From where he stands, he can just make out the figure of a TALL, THIN MAN walking along the edge of the deck. He moves quietly and calmly in the shadows towards the crane, looking out of place in his expensive suit.

Something about this man terrifies him.

138 SCENE DELETED 138*

139 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT 139

KUJAN
And that's when you say in your statement that you saw...

Kujan picks up his copy of Verbal's statement to the D.A.

KUJAN (CONT'D)
A man in a suit with a slim build. Tall.

VERBAL
Wait a minute.

KUJAN
(Looking at watch)
I don't have a minute. Are you saying it was Keyser Söze? You told the D.A. you didn't know who it was.

Verbal is drowning in Kujan's interrogation. He looks dazed.

VERBAL
I - there had to be dope there.

KUJAN
Don't shine me, Verbal. No more stalling. You know what I'm getting at.

VERBAL
I don't.

KUJAN
YES YOU DO. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GETTING AT. THE TRUTH. TRY TO TELL ME YOU DIDN'T KNOW. TRY TO TELL ME YOU SAW SOMEONE KILL KEATON.

For the first time, Verbal stands and tries to move away from Kujan, but Kujan stays in his face, backing him into a corner. Verbal shields himself with his hands and shuts his eyes.

KUJAN (CONT'D)
TRY TO KEEP LYING TO ME NOW. I KNOW EVERYTHING.

VERBAL
I don't know what you're talking about.

KUJAN
YOU KNOW. YOU'VE KNOWN THIS WHOLE FUCKING TIME. GIVE IT TO ME.

Verbal looks into Kujan's eyes with genuine terror. Kujan's face is red, his body trembles. His locomotive breathing is the only sound in the room.

VERBAL
I don't understand what you're saying. I saw Keaton get shot, I swear to you.

KUJAN
Then why didn't you help him?

VERBAL
I WAS AFRAID, OKAY? Somehow, I was sure it was Keyser Söze at that point. I couldn't bring myself to raise my gun to him. *

KUJAN
But Keaton...

VERBAL
It was Keyser Söze, Agent Kujan. I mean the Devil himself. How do you shoot the Devil in the back? *

Verbal holds up a shaking, twisted hand.

VERBAL (CONT'D)
What if you miss?

140 EXT. BARGE - NIGHT - ONE WEEK PRIOR 140*

Verbal is hiding in the tangle of girders and cables on the barge.

VERBAL'S P.O.V.

Keaton's body is completely obscured.

The man in a suit strides across the deck over to Keaton, stopping to relieve himself on a small fire on the deck.

He walks up and stands over Keaton. The two men exchange words and the man in the suit pulls out a pistol. He points it at Keaton.

RED AND BLUE LIGHTS FLASH BEHIND VERBAL

Verbal turns. He can just make out police cars coming in the distance.

BANG

Verbal hears a shot from the deck of the boat. He turns in time to see the man in the suit running across the deck toward the gangway.

Verbal can barely see the man from where he is now. The man in the suit is covered by shadows and the poor angle from the barge. Verbal strains to see but he cannot.

The man in the suit stops long enough to pull out a lighter.

He turns and walks back across the deck and out of sight.

A moment later, flames leap up from on the deck.

The mesh of steel and rubber leaves a dark and open cocoon at its base.

MOVE INTO THE DARKNESS.

Sirens are close now. Almost here. The sound of fire raging out of control.

SIRENS BLARING. TIRES SQUEALING. CAR DOORS OPENING. FEET POUNDING THE PAVEMENT.

MOVE FURTHER, SLOWER, INTO THE DARKNESS.

Voices yelling. New light flickering in the surrounding darkness.

141 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT 141

KUJAN
Arturo Marquez. Ever hear of him?

VERBAL
Wha- No.

KUJAN
He was a stool pigeon for the Justice Department. He swore out a statement to Federal Marshals that he had seen and could positively identify one Keyser Söze and had intimate knowledge of his business, including, but not exclusive to, drug trafficking and murder.

VERBAL
I never heard of him.

KUJAN
His own people were selling him to a gang of Hungarians. Most likely the same Hungarians that Söze all but wiped out back in Turkey. The money wasn't there for dope. The Hungarians were going to buy the one guy that could finger Söze for them.

VERBAL
I said I never heard of him.

KUJAN
But Keaton had. Edie Finneran was his extradition advisor. She knew who he was and what he knew.

VERBAL
I don't -

KUJAN
There were no drugs on that boat. It was a hit. A suicide mission to whack out the one man that could finger Keyser Söze, so Söze had a few thieves put to it. Men he knew he could march into certain death.

VERBAL
But how - wait. You're saying Söze sent us to kill someone?

KUJAN
I'm saying Keaton did.

Verbal cannot grasp this. He squints, trying to understand.

KUJAN (CONT'D)
Verbal, he left you behind for a reason. If you all knew Söze could find you anywhere, why was he ready to send you off with the money when he could have used you to take the boat?

VERBAL
He wanted me to live.

KUJAN
Why did he want you to live? A one-time dirty cop without a loyalty in the world finds it in his heart to save a worthless rat-cripple? No, sir. Why?

VERBAL
Edie.

KUJAN
I don't buy that reform story for a minute. And even if I did, I certainly don't believe he would send you to protect her. So why?

VERBAL
Because he was my friend.

KUJAN
No, Verbal. You weren't friends. Keaton didn't have friends. He saved you because he wanted it that way. It was his will.

Verbal grinds to a mental halt, trying to grasp the implication.

SUDDENLY:

VERBAL
No...

KUJAN
Keaton was Keyser Söze.

VERBAL
NO.

KUJAN
The kind of guy who could wrangle the wills of men like Hockney and McManus. The kind of man who could engineer a police line-up from all his years of contacts in N.Y.P.D.

Verbal stands on wobbly legs, shaking with anger.

VERBAL
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO.

KUJAN
THE KIND OF MAN THAT COULD HAVE KILLED EDIE FINNERAN.

A strange look crosses Verbal's face. Shock perhaps, or revelation.

KUJAN (CONT'D)
They found her yesterday in a hotel in Pennsylvania. Shot twice in the head.

It starts to sink in with Verbal. His eyes swell.

VERBAL
Edie...

KUJAN
He used all of you to get him on that boat. He couldn't get on alone and he had to pull the trigger himself to make sure he got his man. The one man that could identify him.

VERBAL
This is all bullshit.

KUJAN
He left you to stay behind and tell us he was dead. You saw him die, right? Or did you? You had to hide when the first police cars showed up. You heard the shot, just before the fire but you didn't see him die.

VERBAL
I knew him. He would never -

KUJAN
He programmed you to tell us just what he wanted you to. Customs has been

KUJAN (cont'd)
investigating him for years. He knew we were close. You said it yourself. Where is the political pressure coming from? Why are you being protected? It's Keaton making sure you tell us what you're supposed to. Immunity is your reward.

VERBAL
BUT WHY ME? WHY NOT HOCKNEY OR FENSTER OR McMANUS? I'm a cripple. I'm stupid. Why me?

Verbal hears the weight of his words and falls back in his chair, Kujan looks at him with some pity, but he is too far in to stop.

KUJAN
Because you're a cripple, Verbal. Because you're stupid. Because you were weaker than them. Because you couldn't see far enough into him to know the truth.

Verbal is crying now. He shakes his head, eyes closed.

KUJAN (CONT'D)
If he's dead, Verbal - if what you say is true, then it won't matter. It was his idea to hit the Taxi Service in New York, wasn't it? Tell me the truth.

VERBAL
(Sobbing)
It was all Keaton. We followed him from the beginning.

Kujan smiles with triumphant satisfaction.

VERBAL (CONT'D)
I didn't know. I saw him die. I believe he's dead. Christ -

KUJAN
Why lie about everything else, then?

VERBAL
You know what it's like, Agent Kujan, to know you'll never be good? Not good like you. You got good all fucked around. I mean a stand up guy. I grew up knowing I was never going to be good at anything 'cause I was a cripple. Shit, I wasn't

VERBAL (cont'd)
even a good thief. But I thought the one thing I could be good at was a keeping my mouth shut - keeping the code. I didn't want to tell you for my dignity, that's all, and you robbed me, Agent Kujan. You robbed me.

Kujan pulls the microphone out from under his tie and puts it on the desk. Verbal actually manages to snort a laugh, but only briefly, overcome by an apparent wave of nausea.

KUJAN
You're not safe on your own.

VERBAL
You think he's..?

KUJAN
Is he Keyser Söze? I don't know, Verbal. It seems to me that Keyser Söze is a shield. Like you said, a spook story, but I know Keaton - and someone out there is pulling strings for you. Stay here and let us protect you.

VERBAL
I'm not bait. No way. I post today.

KUJAN
You posted twenty minutes ago. Captain Leo wants you out of here a.s.a.p., unless you turn state's.

VERBAL
I'll take my chances, thank you. It's tougher to buy the cheapest bag-man than it is to buy a cop.

KUJAN
Where are you going to go, Verbal? You gonna run? Turn states evidence. You might never see trial. If somebody wants to get you, you know they'll get you out there.

VERBAL
Maybe so, but I'm no rat, Agent Kujan. You tricked me, that's all. I won't keep my mouth shut 'cause I'm scared. I'll keep it shut 'cause I let Keaton down by getting caught - Edie Finneran too. And if they kill me, it's

VERBAL (cont'd)
because they'll hear I dropped dime. They'll probably hear it from you.

Verbal stands, mustering his shattered dignity and walks towards the door. Rabin opens it for him from outside.

For once Kujan cannot bring himself to look at Verbal.

Verbal turns to the door, stopping to look Rabin in the eye.

VERBAL (CONT'D)
Fuckin' cops.

He steps out of the room and into the hall. Rabin follows him.

142 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY 142

Daniel Metzheiser comes out of Arkosh Kovash's room with a single sheet of 15x20 inch paper in his hand. He inspects the sketch with great interest. He folds the edges of the paper back to make it smaller.

143 INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION ROOM 143

Metzheiser walks behind the reception desk without asking the nurse for permission and helps himself to the fax machine.

144 INT. DEPOT - LATER 144

Verbal is downstairs in the depot of the police station picking up his personal belongings.

A FAT, WHITE-HAIRED COP is checking off the items as he takes them out of the tray in which they are kept.

COP
One watch: gold. One cigarette lighter: gold. One wallet: brown. One pack of cigarettes.

Verbal collects his personal items and shuffles on his lame leg toward the exit.

145 INT. DISPATCHER'S OFFICE 145

Jack Baer stands by a fax machine. A green light comes on next to a digital display.

The display reads: RECEIVING

146 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE 146

Kujan stares solemnly at the bulletin board, drinking from Rabin's coffee cup. Rabin sits at the desk, sifting through the mound of papers as though considering organizing them once and for all.

RABIN
You still don't know shit.

KUJAN
I know what I wanted to know about Keaton.

RABIN
Which is shit.

KUJAN
No matter. He'll have to know how close we came.

RABIN
Keyser Söze or not, if Keaton's alive he'll never come up again. *

KUJAN
I'll find him.

RABIN
Waste of time.

KUJAN
(To himself)
A rumor is not a rumor that doesn't die.

RABIN
What?

KUJAN
Nothing. Something I - forget it.

Kujan shakes his head. He gestures to the desk.

KUJAN (CONT'D)
Man, you're a fucking slob.

Rabin regards the mess of his office.

RABIN
Yeah. It's got it's own system though. It all makes sense when you look at it right. You just have to step back from

RABIN (cont'd)
it, you know? You should see my garage, now that's a horror show...

Kujan is not listening. He has been staring at the bulletin board, lost in thought, his unfocused eyes drifting across the mess of papers, not looking at anything at all.

147 EXT. STREET 147

Verbal steps out into the sunlight, putting on a pair of cheap sunglasses. He looks up and down the crowded street. People on their way to and from lunch, no doubt.

Cars choke the street in front of the police department as they wait for pedestrians to clear the way.

148 INT. DISPATCHER'S OFFICE 148

A single sheet of paper comes out of the fax machine, face down.

149 INT. RABIN'S OFFICE 149

Kujan still stares at the bulletin board.

SUDDENLY, Kujan's face changes. He leans in closer to the bulletin board and squints his eyes. His face changes again.

First a look of puzzlement, then confusion - finally realization.

The coffee cup tumbles from his hand. It hits the floor with the SMASH of cheap porcelain. Coffee splatters everywhere.

Rabin snaps out of his droning and looks up in surprise.

KUJAN'S P.O.V.

Kujan is staring not at what is on the bulletin board, but at the bulletin board itself.

His eyes follow the aluminum frame, mounted firmly to the wall. One might note it's sturdy construction and it's convenient size. Big enough to hold a lifetime of forgotten and disregarded notes and facts. Years of police trivia that has been hung and forgotten with the intention of finding a use for it all someday. One might want such a bulletin board for one's self. One would look to see who makes such a bulletin board.

Kujan's eyes are locked on a metal plate bearing the manufacturer's name.

It reads: QUARTET - SKOKIE, ILLINOIS

Kujan's eyes flash all over the bulletin board. He finds a picture of Rabin in the far corner. He stands beside a scale in fishing gear. He proudly holds a hand out to his freshly caught marlin. His eyes skim quickly over and stop on an eight and a half by eleven inch fax sheet of what must be a THREE HUNDRED POUND BLACK MAN. Kujan glazes over his name, it is irrelevant. His aliases stand out.

Slavin, BRICKS, Shank, REDFOOT, Theo, Rooster...

KUJAN'S EYES WIDEN with sudden realization. He runs for the door.

His foot crushes the broken pieces of Rabin's coffee cup. The cup that hovered over Verbal's head for two hours.

Kujan is in too much of a hurry to notice the two words printed on the jagged piece that had been the bottom of the cheap mug.

KOBAYASHI PORCELAIN.

150 EXT. HALLWAY 150

Kujan is sprinting wildly down the hall for the stairs.

151 EXT. STREET 151

Verbal looks behind him and sees ANOTHER COP standing just inside the doorway, lighting a cigarette. The cop notices Verbal and watches him in the way that cops look at people they cannot place in the category of idiot citizen, or stupid criminal.

Verbal smiles politely, meekly at the cop and walks down the steps into the moving throng.

152 INT. DEPOT 152

Kujan runs up to the desk where Verbal had only moments before picked up his belongings. Rabin is right behind him, a look of absolute confusion on his face.

KUJAN
WHERE IS HE? DID YOU SEE HIM?

COP
The Cripple? He went that way.

The cop gestures towards the door. *

Kujan runs outside looking around frantically. *

153 SCENE DELETED 153*

154 EXT. SIDEWALK 154

Verbal limps his way carefully across the sidewalk, avoiding people as best as he can.

He looks over his shoulder, getting farther away from the police station. He can see Rabin and the cop on the steps, looking around with strange, lost expressions on their faces.

He does not notice the car creeping along the curb beside him.

155 INT. CAR 155

DRIVER'S P.O.V.

The driver's hands tap the wheel patiently. His eyes follow Verbal as he fumbles through the crowd.

156 EXT. SIDEWALK 156

Kujan pushes and shoves, looking this way and that.

157 EXT. STREET 157

LOW ANGLE on the feet of dozens of people.

Verbal's feet emerge from the crowd on the far side. They hobble along the curb.

SUDDENLY, the right foot seems to relax a little, the inward angle straightens itself out in a few paces and the limp ceases as though the leg has grown another inch.

CRANE UP VERBAL'S BODY

Verbal's hands are rummaging around in his pockets. The good left hand comes up with a pack of cigarettes, the bad right hand comes up with a lighter. The right hand flexes with all

of the grace and coordination of a sculptor's, flicking the clasp on the antique lighter with the thumb, striking the flint with the index finger. It is a fluid motion, somewhat showy.

Verbal lights a cigarette and smiles to himself. He turns and sees the car running alongside.

158 INT. DISPATCHER'S OFFICE 158

Jack Baer pulls the sheet out of the fax machine and turns it over, revealing the composite sketch of Keyser Söze.

Though crude and distorted, one cannot help but notice how much it looks like VERBAL KINT.

159 EXT. STREET 159

The car stops. The driver gets out.

IT IS KOBAYASHI, or the man we have come to know as such. He smiles to Verbal. Verbal steps off of the curb, returning the smile as he opens the passenger door and gets in.

The man called Kobayashi gets in the driver's seat and pulls away.

A moment later, Agent David Kujan of U.S. Customs wanders into the frame, looking around much in the way a child would when lost at the circus. He takes no notice of the car pulling out into traffic, blending in with the rest of the cars filled with people on their way back to work.

BLACK